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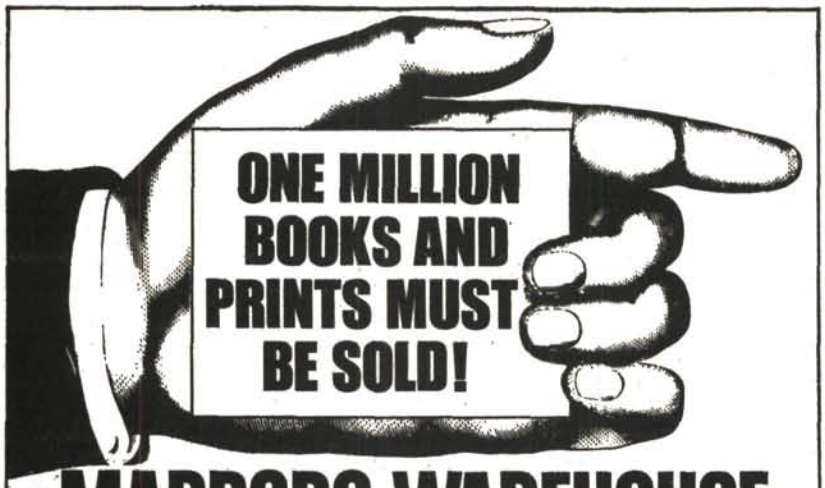

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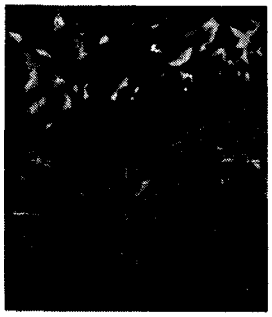

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Good Hatchet Job

★ We stayed up till one o'clock in the morning to read the "confidential" 20,000-word Republican Senate staff report on Vietnam. It is an extremely partisan, comprehensive ammunition dump for GOP candidates next year. It was meant as a party working paper, was leaked out, then put in the *Congressional Record* (May 9; page S 6572), and is now made available for $1 by Public Affairs Press (419 New Jersey Ave., Washington, D. C.).

With loving care the authors have culled rosy Administration forecasts of victory. Johnsonian election pledges not to escalate; and under cover of giving 100 percent support to the war, they simultaneously disassociate Eisenhower (inaccurately) from the origin and put the entire responsibility on Kennedy-Johnson. It is a beautiful political hatchet job.

Embarrassed by the exposure of this skillful document, GOP Leader Dirksen hurried to the capital to insist his party is just as much behind LBJ on the war as ever, and that the report is merely a kind of academic study – "a complete, authentic, well-documented, historical report." This isn't so. It isn't "complete" (there's not a reference to Goldwater, for example); it isn't "historical" in any fair sense (GOP responsibility is glossed over) and instead of being neutral, as Dirksen implies, the authors are occasionally tempted beyond endurance to use epithets like "misleading statements, half truths, outright untruths . . . a complete lack of candor." Sample of technique: the report drily quotes Vice President Johnson's comparison of the discredited and soon-to-be assassinated South Vietnam President Diem with "George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill."

In summary, this is how the GOP proposes to win in 1968: "back" the war, gather in national frustration and anxiety with a smirk, and ask questions ("What precisely is our national interest? . . . To what further lengths are we prepared to go . . . ?") without answering them. What the play *MacBird!* is to LBJ in the theatre, this is to him in politics. It seemed to us devastating, if you can take it.

Success Story

★ He sat there alone, waiting to testify, Texas oil billionaire H. (Haroldson) L. (Lafayette) Hunt. There were only 22 spectators in the vast Senate auditorium at the electoral college hearings. He looked like the mild little "wizard" from Kansas, in the *Wizard of Oz*, with a white tonsure and fluffs at the ears.

He sat in the middle of the 14-seat curving front row, wearing a blue suit and bow tie, benign . . . with shank-gap between socks and crossed trouser leg. A deferential attendant brought him a coke from which he gathered strength in simple enjoyment, tilting it up as casually as in a Texas bleacher.

This is the man whose message of ultra-conservatism goes out (through other voices) on "Life Line" over 541 radio stations, reaching four- to six-million people a day most of whom share his passionate belief that the free world is steadily losing ground to socialism and communism. That's the American success story for you: a man who can be philosopher to the millions with only a fifth grade education.

Mr. Hunt pronounced it "electorial" throughout and said he wanted a modified college, mildly remarking that, "The Flag of our great Nation has never flown so low and its prestige abroad has never been less."

Afterward to reporters, with simple pleasure, he told how his book *Alcapa* has been translated into Vietnamese to help them write their constitution: the more taxes you pay the more votes you get. Mr. Hunt is simple and shy; he is frugal and unassuming. He doesn't think he is the richest man in the world; *Town and Country*, he said modestly, had an article putting Paul Getty ahead of him and he was only runner-up. He twinkled as we told him it was like Avis and Hertz, and he must try harder. We came away reflecting mournfully on our greatest professional handicap; confound it, why do we always have to *like* everybody?

Down the Drain?

★ It's easy to discount political primitivism but the angriest storm Congress has felt this year was against the consular treaty with Moscow, kicked up by the Liberty Lobby and other ultra-right groups. It may cause the Administration to drop its hopeful East-West trade expansion, particularly the $50-million "Fiat deal." This is a long-term loan to finance an Italian-built auto factory in Russia.

The deal would profit the US in nearly every way. The money would all be spent in the US for machine tools. Fiat can get the long-term credit in Europe and the machine tools there, too, so the factory will be built anyway. But Fiat would prefer American tools. It would be better for the US to have Russia putting its attention and money into middle-class automobiles rather than missiles, and into car-filling stations than submarine refueling stations. (There are only a handful of filling stations in all Moscow today.)

But the situation is ready-made for primitives and demagogues. What, trade with a nation fighting us in Vietnam; send machine tools that can make tanks to kill our boys! It looks as if Detroit will lose a $50-million order.

★ *Notes:* Harvard Asian expert John K. Fairbank in a letter to the *Crimson* says: "It is still not inevitable that the Administration take us down the drain wrapped in the flag" and that a "constructive alternative to bombing the North" might be "trying to reconstruct the South." . . . House Republicans last week voted 163-12 against rent subsidies; Democrats voted for, 159-69 (63 of the latter Southerners). This has racist overtones. The program is thought of as a vehicle for letting Negroes move into white suburbs. The anti-city GOP has controlled the House only two years since 1930. Now it's sleeping with Dixiecrats again. It just doesn't learn.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 156 Number 21 Issue 2739 May 27, 1967*
Published weekly (except for the omission of three issues in the summer and one at the year's end) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright © 1967 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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World War III?

Will the seventeenth anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean war (June 24) see American soldiers once more fighting Chinese "volunteers" in a land war in Asia? Last week nine US senators, four Republicans and five Democrats, warned the nation with great solemnity that it will happen sooner or later if the Administration persists in the escalation of the war in Vietnam. The senators take very seriously the opinion of the Secretary General of the United Nations, that "we are witnessing today the initial phase of world war three," beginning with confrontation between Washington and Peking but with the Russians almost certain to be involved, on the Chinese not the American side. U Thant was more than usually critical of American policy in Vietnam. He said: "The fact that North Vietnam, a developing nation, is continuing to withstand the pressure of an enormously superior power has been and still is the essential factor which has prevented an enlargement of the conflict beyond the frontiers of Vietnam." These are acid words. Yet John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, possibly the Senate's mildest mannered Republican, essentially echoed U Thant last week: "My purpose is to ask our government to consider thoroughly whether expanding use of our vast power in North Vietnam will not lead us to a point where the last possibility for a peaceful settlement of the war will be foreclosed."

Why shouldn't Johnson press on to "victory"? (According to the latest Louis Harris poll, 45 percent of Americans now favor "total military victory," 41 percent favor a peace settlement under United Nations auspices.) Senator Cooper's answer is that when and if the bombing of North Vietnam threatens that country's collapse and so compels Hanoi to ask communist China to come to its aid, "it is difficult to believe that China, claiming the leadership as the militant vanguard of the communist world, would stand by while a communist state on its borders goes down to a crushing defeat." Senators Fulbright, Robert Kennedy, McGovern, Hatfield and others think that goes for Russia too.

How valid is this thesis? The Chinese prime minister, Chou En-lai, may or may not have told a French journalist that China is ready to send "an avalanche of volunteers" into North Vietnam "tomorrow." But last week Harrison Salisbury wrote in this journal, "Well over a year ago I was told by responsible Chinese that they were preparing for war with the United States – war which we would provoke by our escalation in Vietnam." Washington's response to such warnings

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hitherto has been to insist China is in no position to enter the war, so it must be bluffing; alternatively, the Administration says it fully understands the danger of Chinese intervention but has met it by assurances that it doesn't mean to topple the Hanoi regime and thus its bombing of North Vietnam represents no threat to China's security. That is not the loony tune of brinksmanship, it is a graveyard whistle.

Senator Frank Church reminded us last week that it was Secretary Rusk who predicted the Chinese wouldn't enter the Korean war. Now Rusk is saying in the May 30 issue of *Look* magazine, that "it is difficult to see how confrontation" with a "militant and hard-nosed" China "can be forever avoided." Perhaps Mr. Rusk will be proved wrong twice, but it would not be safe to count on it.

Also in *Look*, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle G. Wheeler, states the present situation in Thailand reminds him strongly of South Vietnam in 1960-61. There are today more than 40,000 American military in Thailand, using half a dozen air bases; there are an estimated 1,000 "communist terrorists" in Thailand's northeast. Are the Chinese hopelessly paranoiac to suspect that all this American military might is really aimed at them? Isn't that what our words and acts mean?

People in the State Department talk about "the American decade." Their theory seems to be that as Russia and China have split and the Chinese are splitting among themselves, this country is the only true world power and is free to do pretty well what it likes anywhere. This month, the theory was tested in the Sea of Japan, which the Seventh Fleet treats as an American pond. Naval maneuvers that involved Japanese and South Korean warships began 200 miles off the North Korean coast and moved toward the great Russian base of Vladivostok. When the ships were in the Soviet shipping lanes between Vladivostok and Hanoi, Russian naval vessels and planes showed up, and a Soviet warship turned into the path of an American one, scraping it twice in a fantastic kind of naval boomps-a-daisy. The incident was silly but the message was not; the Russians are warning the US to be less bumptious. Peking's thunder against Hong Kong following Chinese communist riots there signal a familiar message to the British: stop permitting US warships to use the port.

In our judgment, Chinese intervention in Vietnam "tomorrow" is unlikely, but Senator Cooper's question stands. The United States is suffering mounting losses in Vietnam (as are the North Vietnamese) and no end of the war is in sight. Therefore, the military want "at least" four more US divisions, additional to the 442,000 Americans in uniform now in that country. Even if Mr. Johnson does not go along with the Pentagon, or not right away, the financial outlook for 1968 still is for the biggest budget deficit in our history. That's bad news in a presidential election year – for the incumbent. One hears little these days of "no wider war." General Nguyen Van Thieu, South Vietnam's chief of state, thinks 50,000 "Americans or allied troops" will be needed in his country for "10 to 16 years *after*" the fight against the Viet Cong ends. The Administration is therefore under constant temptation to seek shortcuts by further escalation of the air war, even though Defense Secretary McNamara candidly admits that air power, however much it's stepped up, won't stop "infiltration." The Administration escalates like a stung man hurtling progressively heavier objects at a swarm of bees. And as hopes switch from the ground fighting against black-pajamaed guerrilla warriors in the South to big air strikes against targets in the North, the risk of Chinese and Russian intervention grows; the Russians are adding more weapons to Hanoi's arsenal, perhaps including missiles that could hit Saigon.

The Administration has an alternative choice of route. As Senator Cooper and other senators patiently point out, it could try for a negotiated settlement, beginning by reducing, or better still, completely halting, the bombing of the North. It is now beyond dispute that the decision to bomb Hanoi last December ruined one peace move, and the February refusal to halt bombing without a military *quid pro quo* ruined another. As Senator Percy said on April 22, "The President's proposal asked Hanoi virtually to abandon its forces in the South before the US would end the bombing of the North. To ask Hanoi to end the resupply and reinforcement of its forces in the South was unrealistic. An affirmative response was impossible," and accordingly was not forthcoming. The Administration could try again, this time without setting impossible conditions and with U Thant's and the UN's cooperation.

The hawks in Washington keep saying that the critics "tell us to stop doing what we're doing but they never tell us what we ought to be doing instead." That is untrue. For instance, Senator Percy has insisted, quite rightly, that "a settlement will require that the Viet Cong be assured of participation in South Vietnamese political life as a legal political party competing peacefully at the polls and shunning violence." When has the Administration tried that tack, or suggested it to the Saigon government? Quite the contrary. Saigon has declared that never, never, never shall the Viet Cong be acknowledged, and Washington puts out the welcome mat to "defectors" only. Hanoi has been advised often enough not to hope for unilateral withdrawal of US troops from South Vietnam; but if the Administration is to avoid a larger war, it has to follow through on suggestions of a negotiated settlement that is mutually acceptable. The key word is "mutual."

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The Resistance Movement

A small but growing draft resistance movement among college students seems to be picking up steam. Rough estimates suggest that between 1,000 and 2,000 men are involved. It is an unusual movement in that many of the participants have not heretofore been active in radical politics or the peace movement. Now, however, they are promising to go to jail or to Canada rather than to Vietnam.

The fact that college students (see page 6) are deferred makes it somewhat less painful to thus demonstrate the courage of their convictions. But what they are saying is nonetheless significant.

In Boston, 350 undergraduate and graduate students from Harvard, MIT, Tufts and Brandeis signed a petition published in the Harvard *Crimson*. Beneath the headline, "We Won't Go," the statement reads, "We the undersigned, as American men of draft age, may be asked by our government to participate in the war in Vietnam. We have examined the history and nature of this war, and have reached the conclusion that our participation in it would be contrary to the dictates of our consciences. We therefore declare our determination to refuse military service while the United States is fighting in Vietnam. Our intention in signing this statement is to unite with other draft age men who share our convictions, in order to turn our personal moral rejection of this war into effective political opposition to it." Most of the signers were graduate students or upperclassmen.

Michael Smith, a student at the University of California's Medical Center who has been organizing against the war, said 257 medical students have pledged not to serve in the Vietnam war, which they say is "unjustifiable" and responsible for "incalculable suffering." The students come from Harvard, Western Reserve, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Chicago, Yale, UC and UCLA. One-quarter of the student body at the Stanford Medical School has signed. Smith says most of them are ready to go to jail and will not serve in the army at all. The strongest supporters of the petition, he reports, are men who have never before been active in political causes.

The 200 students who have joined "The Resistance," a Berkeley group, likewise state that they will not cooperate at all with the draft. Resistance organizers are gathering support in other parts of the country. Their plan is for everyone to send back draft cards on October 16, then go to the nearest US attorney, confess the act and demand a trial.

According to the Draft Resistance Clearinghouse recently set up in Madison, Wisconsin, there are between 25 and 35 draft resistance unions on campuses around the country. In Madison, 150 men have signed a "We Won't Go" petition. In Milwaukee, 126 signed a statement saying they would refuse to fight in Vietnam. They would, however, work among the wounded or rebuild war-shattered homes.

In New York City, 150 have identified themselves with a month-old organization called Support-in-Action which addresses itself to "Draft Card Burners" and says: "In all wars the old get the young to do the fighting and dying. Even we who seek peace rely on you to take the gravest risks. Therefore, we men and women ineligible for the draft want to join in your risk. We declare that we have conspired with you in the burning of your draft cards, that we shall continue to do so, and that we shall aid and abet others. We encourage you in this act and honor you for it. We are willing to share with you the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment." Among the signers are Paul Goodman and Dwight Macdonald.

Other intellectuals are forming organizations to support draft resistance by quietly but quickly placing prominent citizens behind young resisters. The theory is that this will have a restraining effect on any attempted government crackdown. Noam Chomsky, the MIT professor who has emerged as one of the more articulate antiwar intellectuals, said recently, "I feel uncomfortable about suggesting draft refusal publicly since it is a rather cheap proposal for someone my age." Chomsky favors providing draft resisters with financial and legal help, and if need be, a hand in getting out of the country. He also is withholding some of his income tax because of Vietnam.

As an alternative to jail, some draft resisters are talking about forming a peace army, in effect, a volunteer poverty brigade. Members would send back their draft cards to the government, notify it instead they were working in the peace army and see what happens. The Revolutionary Contingent, a New York City group, has announced it wants to set up a revolutionary peace corps to infiltrate young Americans into guerrilla forces seeking to overthrow the governments of Guatemala, Colombia and Venezuela. The Contingent regards this as one way for US citizens to fight US imperialism. But the logistics of the Contingent remain somewhat vague.

The central front of the antiwar campaign, however, is not draft resistance. It centers on a milder project in Cambridge called Vietnam Summer. Joseph Featherstone writes from Cambridge that Vietnam Summer is a peace group hiring 2,000 full-time field workers for a National Peace Campaign this summer. It has a Chicago office and this week opened a headquarters in San Francisco. The steering committee is largely composed of academics and civil rights-peace workers, and the whole project is very loosely modeled on the 1964 Freedom Summer, when volunteers from different or-

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ganizations worked together for civil rights in Mississippi. Vietnam Summer is endorsed by Martin Luther King and Dr. Benjamin Spock and is working closely with Spring Mobilization. The analogy with the Freedom Summer is inexact because civil rights is not peace, and all of the United States is not Mississippi.

Mr. Featherstone reports that the Vietnam Summer strategists aim to strengthen the local efforts of existing peace groups – SDS, SNCC, Spring Mobilization Committee, National Council of Churches, SANE, and so on – and also to recruit on its own unorganized people. The kind of organizing will be patterned after what is now being done in Boston, Milwaukee and San Francisco. For example, in Cambridge, door-to-door canvassers have persuaded five out of 10 people contacted to sign a petition asking the local congressman to return to Cambridge and hold open hearings on the Vietnam war. Three out of 10 people have agreed to participate in teach-outs, local neighborhood study groups on the war.

The backgrounds of the Vietnam Summer people are varied. So are the differences in their thinking. The man who thought up the idea is Gar Alperovitz, a Fellow at Harvard's Kennedy Institute for Politics, and his thinking runs to creating a middle-class bloc of peace supporters who could swing their weight in the next election either to a third party candidate or to a liberal Republican running in opposition to the war. Other strategists in the group, particularly those with an SDS background, see the war in Vietnam as an issue around which working-class community organizing can be focused.

Reprieving Students

Student draft deferments should be eliminated. The President's draft commission thinks so. Perhaps, deep down, Mr. Johnson thinks so, too. The preponderance of witnesses testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee, which drew up the draft bill, favor abolishing 2-S deferments to make the draft burden fall more evenly on the shoulders of all young men. But like President Johnson, the Senate committee let that recommendation pass. And members of the House Armed Services Committee would remove all presidential discretion in the matter of student deferments and legislate their continuance. No full-time undergraduate students in good standing are currently being drafted, nor are any likely to be soon. It would be politically hazardous to alienate millions of voters with children in college, and perhaps to give college kids one more issue to protest about. James Reston estimates that 25 percent of the college students called for induction under a no-deferment system might refuse to serve.

So, for the sake of political expedience, under the youngest-first draft plan that probably will be enacted, collegians will have a four-year reprieve. Maybe by the time they're dropped into the draft pool the war will be over.

The draft commission might have put its deferment proposal a bit more strongly or given more attention to eliminating the draft altogether in favor of a volunteer army if it had considered a couple of things disclosed in the most recent polemic on the draft, *Bitter Greetings*. The book's author, Jean Carper, discovered in her researches that (1) the Pentagon was not altogether truthful when it said the costs of inducing enlistments in an all-volunteer army could be a prohibitive $17 billion annually, and (2) that General Hershey's insistence that most college students eventually do serve in the military is deceptive.

In 1965 some 840,000 servicemen – more than a quarter of all the men in the military – were below the federal definition of poverty. Many of them had to moonlight to support their families. Some 5,000 airmen were on relief in 1964. To attract sufficient enlistments without the draft as a goad, the Defense Department would have to pay a living wage, considerably more than the present $90 a month for an army private. Could it be done, and at what cost?

A Pentagon study President Johnson initiated in 1964, never made public, but paraphrased by Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas D. Morris before a congressional committee in 1966, claimed that increasing pay to sustain a peacetime volunteer force of 2.7 million men would cost between $4 billion and $17 billion. Miss Carper, who says she is the only person outside government to have seen the full, still-secret draft report, insists it said no such thing, that the cost of a volunteer army at pre-Vietnam levels was put at a more realistic $4.2 to $6.2 billion. The $17 billion figure was fabricated to put off supporters of a volunteer force. In order to spend $17 billion on inducements, Miss Carper figures, the government would have to pay every army private $9,550 per year.

For some time General Hershey has insisted that college students do not evade military service, that most of them eventually serve. His statistics seemed to take the wind out of the argument that college was becoming a haven for dodgers and that students had a considerable advantage over the dumb and poor. Miss Carper, however, asserts that while 40 percent of college graduates technically do serve, 74 percent of them do their hitch in the reserves, are on active duty only a few months and run small chance of going to Vietnam. Few graduates enlist and still fewer are ever drafted. "The most conclusive proof of the draft's flagrant dis-

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criminatory policies," Miss Carper writes, "is found in a five percent sample survey of army draftees on active duty as of February 28, 1966. The study showed that 24 percent of the men drafted into the army were high school dropouts; 62 percent were high school graduates, and 12 percent were college dropouts. *Only two percent of all the men drafted had college degrees.*" Nearly 14 percent of the draft-age population – men between the ages of 19 and 35 – have had four years of college.

End of the Round

The Kennedy Round of tariff negotiations concluded last week an apparent success, after four-and-one-half years of discussions at Geneva under the General Agreement of Tariffs and Trade. No one can say at this point, pending all the details, that the United States won an exactly balanced package of concessions, but there is no doubt that the US negotiator, William Roth, fought a hard fight and that the US will gain major benefits, as will all the main trading countries.

History does not deal primarily with "might-have-beens," but the main reason that success in the Kennedy Round is to be welcomed is what it averted. True, it has produced a sizable reduction in tariffs all around, bringing the great majority of duties to levels so low as to render them unimportant as a barrier to trade. The reductions will help along the already spectacular growth of world trade and, to some extent, will cut prices to the consumers, which are positive benefits by themselves.

But the real achievement was to head off a grave potential threat to the flourishing and successful system of world commerce that has been a major element in the unprecedented prosperity of the industrial world in the past 20 years. Had the negotiations in Geneva collapsed, as it seemed for a while they might, one of two things could easily have happened. One was a return to protectionism in the United States and possibly in some other countries. The other was a division of the world into vast trading blocs, with the US joining a group of like-minded countries while others linked with the European Common Market. The principle of "most-favored-nation," under which the same tariff is charged against imports from all sources, would have been broken. No one can say what would have been the result, but the present system, with all its benefits, would have disappeared.

The Kennedy Round gave relatively little in the way of benefits to the less-developed countries, and it will be criticized on that count. But anything contributing to the prosperity of the rich also helps the poor, in terms of world trade and their own exports.

Come the Revelations

Looking back on his own experience in the early fifties as an architect of CIA's manipulations abroad, Thomas Braden, in a *Saturday Evening Post* article and in subsequent statements, argues that if the agency had not done what it did, the United States would have "lost" the cold war. He adds that the truth had to be hidden from the public and the Congress (though not, he insists, from the White House and State Department), because a McCarthyite mood precluded open government financing of anything slightly left-wing, and the most effective anti-communists were leftists.

A candid response to the Braden article came from Walter Reuther, who confirmed that he had, in 1952, passed along to his brother $50,000 in CIA money, to bolster West German unions. It was a one-shot collaboration. Victor Reuther (whom Braden had sought, unsuccessfully, to recruit as an agent) tried to keep CIA from "finding out how he spent it," Mr. Braden writes, but Braden found out anyway.

Unlike Reuther, the CIA and the AFL-CIO put forth the customary denial, thereby illustrating the ease with which the lie comes to the lips in the underground. Braden had checked privately with friends in CIA before writing his article; but the agency claimed it had no "prior knowledge of the author's intent to write it." To Braden's account of agency subsidies to Jay Lovestone, then of the AFL, and his assistant, Irving Brown, "to pay off his strong-arm squads in Mediterranean ports," Mr. Lovestone replied: "Completely unfounded, untrue"; he had "never received any [CIA] money." (Actually, the Lovestone-Brown "secret" subsidies have been widely publicized, by *The New Republic*, among others, in an article of June 25, 1966.) And Braden does not mention that the mobsters Brown recruited to break up strikes of communist-led dock workers in Europe, continued to receive hush-money for some time after US supplies to Europe were in little danger of being "burned, stolen or dumped into the sea."

Braden's defense invites a blanket vote of confidence in everything CIA has done up to now, and therein lies one of its weaknesses. He does not attempt to justify Agency operations simply as an emergency response to a cold war crisis in the early fifties, but accepts without question the institutionalizing of US-financed subversion and its relevance to the post-Stalin sixties. Noting this bureaucratic lag, one former CIA man who left the agency in the fifties recently spoke of being "appalled" to find that it was "still doing precisely the same things" as were done 15 years ago. The AFL-CIO (read Lovestone) is more deeply involved today in covert activities in Latin America than were Braden's labor agents in Europe in the fifties. Far from tapering off as the cold war began to subside, the apparatus reached out for

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new minds to conquer. Only last week, it was learned that from early 1963 through 1965, CIA had put $526,500 into a subsidiary of the Cooperative League of the USA to finance overseas activities.

By its very nature, a clandestine organization has to be convinced that its duplicities ultimately serve truth and that but for its intrigues, the world would be lost. "Sweet it is," Rebecca West wrote in *The Meaning of Treason*, "to be not what the next man thinks, but far more powerful . . . to put up one's finger through the whimsical darkness and touch the fabric of state, and feel the unstable structure rock, and know it's one's own doing, and not a soul suspecting; and to do all this for nobility's sake." Deceiving "the enemy" is one thing, self-deception another. Mr. Braden claims far too much for himself and his friends. The situations "saved" loom large in his article, but the cost of stupid errors (as in the Bay of Pigs), of tainted reputations, of compromised organizations, even compromised Presidents (Eisenhower and the U-2 overflights) are left out. Whatever the CIA may have "saved," it has also contributed heavily to undermining confidence in the word and the wit of the US government.

Finally, the assumption that we-know-best-but-we-can't-tell is corrosive to representative government. "Does anyone really think," Mr. Braden asks, "that congressmen would foster a foreign tour by an artist who has or has had left-wing connections?" Having in mind the Congress of the early fifties the answer might be "no." But the issue is not whether congressmen were, are or will be too dumb to understand what the national security may require. It is whether important decisions affecting US relations abroad and the integrity of private institutions at home should be made clandestinely by an elite in Washington that is accountable largely to itself.

"Keep the faith, babies."

His and Hers

While George preaches apartheid to students in the North, Governor Lurleen keeps the home fires burning under the schools of Alabama. A few weeks ago, she asked the state legislature to approve the taking over of local school boards, thus resisting the detested "feds" and their guidelines, which she denounced as "Hitlerism." All college and university presidents in Alabama were asked to sign a round-robin petition in support of the governor. The president of the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, Frank Rose, flatly refused; and the next day the student government association unanimously condemned Lurleen for her defiance of the law of the land. That in turn set off some fiery speeches in the legislature about "subversive actions" on the campus and demands for Dr. Rose's resignation. Doubtless glad to join the mainstream of American college youth and protest about something, the students at Tuscaloosa began picketing, with placards reading: "This is not Wallace University – hands off!" The president of student government, Ralph Knowles, was branded an "agitator" by the Wallaceites. (He is a Republican.)

Then the Montgomery chapter of the John Birch Society got busy, and among its more entertaining charges was that Dr. Rose, a theologian, had been a student of "subversion and subversive methods under 40 communists at the University of London, England." Dr. Rose did briefly attend that suspect institution in 1950 when working for his doctorate.

The Birchers will be crosser still to learn that Tuscaloosa's student government has just voted to join the National Student Association. These traitorous Dixie students want NSA's help in securing additional funds to expand the university's co-sponsorship with the NAACP of Tuscaloosa's Head Start project and a tutorial assistants' program aimed at helping poor, that is Negro, children in the city slums. The student government is even thinking about taking up the matter of open housing. (There are 298 Negroes now enrolled at Alabama University.) A bill has been introduced in the student legislature which would outlaw discrimi-

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nation in off-campus student lodgings. The increasingly easygoing attitude on the race question on the campus distresses the diehards, but that is not all they find to fuss about. They were enraged by a recent seminar held by the student government association on "The World in Revolution." Star speaker was that well-known Bolshevik, Dean Rusk, who made his usual noises about Vietnam. But Dr. Stephen Wright, president of the United Negro College Fund, was also invited and given a standing ovation after a hard-hitting civil rights speech. The students had the cheek to produce a special magazine entitled "Emphasis 67" for the occasion, which provoked the Birchers into a "let freedom ring" telephone campaign against Dr. Rose for not having censored it. Its contents are revealing. The editors got General Earle Wheeler to write a piece on "The Challenge in Vietnam." They also had Bettina Aptheker supply the communist view of events. And, as if that was not outrage enough, they printed pro and con pieces on black power from Stokely Carmichael and Roy Wilkins.

But Lurleen had a few things up her sleeve too. If a little education is a dangerous thing from the Wallace point of view the consequences of more education are unthinkable. So, in her biennial budget recommendation earlier this month, she recommended a 3.6 percent cut ($16 million) in funds for state schools and three private white schools – and *no* money for Tuskegee.

Shriver Makes It

Because Sargent Shriver and OEO have been known to scuttle and run when the political fires get too hot, some skeptics concluded it always would. The OEO's Child Development Group of Mississippi, for instance, was sunk under fire from John Stennis and white Mississippi. It was revised (in weaker form) only when Mr. Shriver tired of the daily pickets outside his office and attacks from influential friends of the Negro poor.

But now Mr. Shriver has withstood the complaints of Alabama congressmen, disregarded a threatened veto by Governor Lurleen Wallace and signed over nearly $400,000 to a farmers' cooperative operating in 10 Alabama black-belt counties. The Southwest Alabama Farmers Cooperative Association (SWAFCA) plans to help its members eke out a living by pooling, buying and selling, planting new crops, and teaching improved methods of production. The farmers hope SWAFCA will help them to stay on their farms. The Shriver decision is notable, precisely because most Alabama politicians don't think Negroes are capable of handling such an enterprise themselves, and , inconsistently, they fear the co-op will become an instrument of black power.

A Preview of Wallace's Appeal to the North

To hear George Wallace tell it, it will be the "little people" – the taxi and truck drivers, waitresses, beauticians, elevator operators and factory workers of North and South – who will put him in the White House next year. Yet, for a self-proclaimed people's candidate, the former and currently unofficial Governor of Alabama makes remarkably little direct contact with the hoi polloi when he ventures out of his home territory.

His first two pre-presidential campaign invasions of the North this spring are a case in point. Under tight security, Wallace was whisked in and out of Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Terre Haute, Concord and Hanover, N.H., with hardly a hand of the "little people" laid on him. Local police – among his best supporters, Wallace says – were out in force at each stop, but to prevent trouble, not to greet him.

In Syracuse they kept the location of his airport arrival a secret; at the massive field house where he spoke on the Syracuse University campus, they slipped him in and out through a side door as hundreds of students – some hostile, some curious, a few friendly – jammed the main entrance trying to get in.

In Pittsburgh, only six white women showed up to demonstrate against the more than 1,000 protesters, predominantly Negroes, who circled his downtown hotel chanting, "Hey hey, ho ho, George Wallace has got to go."

In Cleveland, about 20 supporters carrying "Wallace for President" and "Cleveland is Wallace Country" signs lined the path to his car as he came out of a City Club luncheon, but there was no flesh-pressing as he was ushered quickly into the car.

In Terre Haute, an iron and foundry center full of "little people," he stayed out of the city's center altogether and was spirited around the small campus of Rose Polytechnic Institute under the watchful eye of Vigo County Sheriff Clyde Lovellette.

In Concord, where he spoke to two high school assemblies, not only the hoi polloi but reporters and photographers were barred, and at Dartmouth College in Hanover he was escorted off in mid-speech by police when demonstrators began to storm the stage. He came back and finished but needed a wedge formation of local, state and campus police afterward to get to his car, which was pounded and rocked until club-wielding state troopers helped disperse the crowd.

In Alabama, Wallace revels in the open-air street corner speech, usually followed by much handshaking, kin-comparing and repeated suggestions that "Y'awl come see us, Y'hear?" Traveling under close guard and

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speaking at indoor affairs clearly cramps George's style. So does heckling. The Syracuse hecklers so rattled Wallace that he told the audience plaintively at one point: "When you interrupt me it's hard to keep my train of thought. . . . Man, this is tough." When a Cleveland Negro asked him to explain how come only two percent of American Negroes today are "full-blooded" he stammered, "I don't know why what you said happened. . . . I just don't know much about blood lines."

In Pittsburgh, steelworkers who, he says, sent him a 72-foot petition and money to run for President in 1964 were bypassed in favor of an all-white audience of "The Amen Corner," a club of businessmen, bankers, lawyers and steel executives. At a dinner boycotted by Democratic Mayor Joseph Barr, Wallace's message against "Washington bureaucrats and theoreticians who tell you when to get up in the morning and when to go to bed at night" was music to the ears of the well-heeled members. The crowd of about 1,000 applauded warmly as the one-time Alabama cab driver inveighed against the Supreme Court, the press, the federal bureaucracy and "the intellectual morons" who try to tell folks in Montgomery and Pittsburgh what's best for them. They jumped up and whooped when Wallace charged that collectors of blood and clothing for the Viet Cong are "guilty of treason" and should be "grabbed by the hair and dragged before a grand jury."

Wallace doesn't have to, and doesn't, resort to a blatant segregationist pitch. Today there are so many other touch-points of concern that have their roots in racial fears that he merely has to chronicle them and let the listener take it from there. Even at Syracuse University, where hecklers booed, chanted, sang, catcalled, staged walkouts and demonstrations, the crowd was strangely ambivalent.

At the outset, demonstrators dressed in white sheets brought a Negro down the aisle with a rope around his neck; one of them shouted: "Hey George, we got one!" As they paraded past the speaker's platform they chanted "Beep beep, bang bang, ungowah, black power!" until Wallace finally sat down. The majority of the crowd applauded and cheered lustily, and when Wallace was reintroduced, he was roundly booed. But at other times as he went on, the audience was free, even generous, with its applause. As on his later stops, he hit a particularly responsive chord with the Vietnam "treason" charge. What appealed to some left others cold, but nearly every point triggered some backing. Some in the audience applauded Wallace's diatribe on the Supreme Court; others, his attack on guidelines ("I believe the people of New York ought to decide for themselves what school system they want to have"); others, his blast at open housing legislation ("I would be just as much against a law that says you can't sell your house to anybody as one that says you have to sell it to anybody"); still others, his onslaught on the breakdown of law and order ("We have a system that makes it impossible to convict a criminal. You get hit on the head and the man who hits you is out of jail before you get into the hospital").

Behind the ambivalent mood of the crowd there could have been, of course, simply a sense of fair play. At Dartmouth, certainly, the hostility of the hecklers triggered a fair-play reaction among many students, and applause. Wallace was able to say after Syracuse, quoting the crowd appraisal of one local paper: "It's a great concession that half a college crowd cheered me." In no time at all, he was telling other audiences about how he had been treated "royally" at Syracuse.

Nevertheless, if Wallace's mixed bag of negativism and invective can generate even a modicum of backing on Northern college campuses and can elicit a standing ovation at an upper middle-class white-collar dinner in Pittsburgh, one cannot help wondering what will happen if on a future Northern swing he does speak directly to his "little people."

In the cities Wallace visited, random samplings among taxi drivers, elevator operators and waitresses indicated broadly that although George wasn't talking to them specifically this time around, they know what his message is – even if it is in the code of states' rights, crime in the streets and support of local police – and they like it. A barber in the Syracuse Airport terminal told a customer he would vote for Wallace in preference to President Johnson, Governor George Romney and maybe former Vice President Nixon, and explained why: "Wallace isn't two-faced. He knows white people don't want to live close to colored people. That's the way it is."

Wallace, of course, insists that he doesn't feed on a white backlash against the Negro in the North. "There's no backlash in this country against people on account of color," he says. "But there is a backlash against the theoreticians who want to tell you what's best for you and your own chillun." This pitch is one that can be made North and South, and Wallace has never doubted it. "I make the same speech in New York that I make in Alabama," he told the Syracuse audience, and he wasn't lying.

As the nation approaches another summer of potential civil rights strife and of controversy over Vietnam, Wallace's capacity for political mischief grows. Few have seriously questioned his pulling power in the South. His strength in the North, after his initial 1967 ventures, remains as uncertain as before. But anyone who imagined that his ability to identify public fears and discontent and play on them was limited to Dixie should be disabused of that notion now.

JULES WITCOVER

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The Jetport Tangle

by Walter Pitkin Jr.

The fantastic growth of the $6 billion airlines industry has thrown a scare into those who have to worry about jetports. Airfields which only a few years ago were considered adequate until the seventies have already become bottlenecks. The industry's ultimate problem may not be how to fly better, but rather where to put the things that must rest on dirt.

In the New York metropolitan area the problem is especially acute. The Port of New York Authority, the bi-state agency that operates the airports, has for years been urging a start on a fourth jetport to supplement Kennedy, LaGuardia and Newark. Last March, Austin J. Tobin, the Authority's executive director, called the jetport problem frustrating. According to *The New York Times*, he fears that likely limitations on travel for businessmen and movement of air cargo will divert business to other centers; he also fears that the potential for "physical disorder," including air collisions, may become "frightening." The Authority's wish for a new jetport, which may cost $350 million, is shared by the Federal Aviation Agency, New York Senator Javits, New Jersey Governor Hughes and others. Nelson Rockefeller has urged two more jetports, for a total of five.

The trouble all along has been to agree upon even one site. Most of the suggested places turn out to be aeronautical duds, because of air-traffic conflicts with planes headed for existing jetports. Other sites are in hilly country and would be too costly to develop, or are too far away. Still others that might otherwise do are soon surrounded by mobs of noise-hating, placard-waving citizens shouting, "Never, never!" As New York's jetports handle roughly one-eighth of the nation's air passenger volume, the final choice will have important consequences for the country.

Last year, 28.5 million passengers used the three jetports, up 10 percent from 1965. A further increase, to 32 million, seems reasonable this year. For the years 1970, 1975 and 1980, the Port Authority foresees air passenger demand at 40 million, 53 million and 65 million, respectively. My own estimates for the first two years run higher.

But landings and takeoffs, rather than passenger flow, create the pressure for another airport. Last year, plane movements at the three jetports came to 853,000, up 11 percent; a similar increase is likely this year.

Scheduled airliners account for only part of this jetport activity; nonairline traffic is also flying high. A large part of aviation using New York's jetports has been air taxis and executive aircraft. In February, these two types of small plane, together with individually owned aircraft, accounted for one-quarter of all landings and takeoffs. It is predicted that by 1970, nonairline traffic will account for 37 percent of total movements at the jetports.

Easy flow of air passengers is important to the local economy. For example, it is good for the city that apparel buyers from all over the country can get to it as easily and swiftly as they still can, despite mounting delays. Nevertheless, a stiff price is being asked, in dollars and in sacrifice of whatever peace and tranquillity remain, and it seems high time that people begin to ask how many monstrous jetports Megalopolis should agree to accept.

Jetports eat up huge amounts of land; about 10,000 acres each, which is almost four-fifths the area of Manhattan Island. The new Dallas-Fort Worth jetport is gobbling up 21,000 acres. "Invest in land," reads a sign outside a Cresskill, N.J., real estate office, "they aren't making it any more." In fast-growing Megalopolis, people are going to need all the land there is to live on, or perhaps just to play on or look at. They also want to be spared aircraft noise, as the following headlines from *The New York Times* and *New York Post* show: "Plan Is Proposed on Airport Noise"; "Jet Noise at LaGuardia Drawing New Protests."

Governor Hughes has been subjected to political pressures from thousands of people in Hunterdon and Morris counties who want no part of a jetport. Rockefeller's efforts to clear the way for a jetport at Calverton, 70 miles out on Long Island, have run into protests from area residents and politicians. It seems that any new metropolitan jetport would be rejected if it were put to the vote of the 200,000 people living nearest it. Noise is not the only nuisance: there is the burnt kerosene odor around busy jetports. Last May, Mayor Lindsay's Task Force on Air Pollution identified one of the sources of the "poisons and dirt" in New York's air as "the emanation from approximately 400,000 takeoff or landing operations of jet aircraft at New York airports each year." Nobody likes that, but

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how else than by building still another jetport can New York (and perhaps other cities) adequately provide for fast-growing air commerce? The answer is to make more efficient use of present jet facilities, by refusing jetport access to all classes of nonairline aviation. To soften the blow, the rule might first apply to only two, then three peak hours daily. The final stage would be complete exclusion.

The capacity of an airport is measured by its ability to handle rush-hour movements when visibility is limited and Instrument Flight Rules (IFR) are in force. Under IFR, aircraft must be spaced farther apart than they may be when visual reference is permitted. Port Authority figures show that the critical IFR capacity for the three jetports in the entire period 1970-1980 will be stable at 173 per hour. Against this capacity, the Authority's predicted peak-hour aircraft movement demand, for airliners and all-cargo planes only, is 144 in 1970, only 141 in 1975, and 157 in 1980. Even in this last year, therefore, the three jetports' excess IFR capacity should be on the order of 16 per hour.

Why the downturn in peak-hour airline movement demand from 1970, and the modest increase afterward even as passenger traffic zooms? In part, the phenomenon is explained by the much greater number of seats in "stretched" planes already beginning to come into use. In addition, some rescheduling of outbound flights, away from rush hours, will result from the introduction of the French, British and American supersonics in the seventies.

Thus it appears that the sole reason for a fourth jetport before the eighties is to provide big airport conveniences for the users of the fashionable air taxis and executive aircraft.

A limited class uses nonairline aviation: politicians, aviation executives, bankers, heads and subheads of major corporations. Governor Rockefeller, who uses a five-passenger family-owned jet to stump around New York State, has included in his transportation program a scheme for three new general aviation airports in nearby Suffolk, Westchester, and Rockland counties. Together with similar existing facilities, and others that are proposed, these should allow for substantial growth of nonairline flying. But for the convenience and safety of the vast majority of airplane users it would be a mistake if exclusion of small planes from the jetports (which Rockefeller does not propose) were to await completion of even one of the new mini-airports. That there may be some hazard in the mixing of general aviation and airliners is suggested by the fatal collision of a private plane and an airliner on the runways at LaGuardia on May 2.

The Regional Plan Association, while sympathetic to the claims of general aviation, has a firm grasp of priorities for the metropolitan area. It says: "The public interest requires that both general aviation and airline flights be well accommodated. But when demand exceeds the availability of limited airport and air space near the center of the region, it is clear that priority must be given to the huge majority of air passengers traveling on airliners."

Last December, the Port Authority rejected diversion of general aviation, saying it had interviewed about 9,000 users of general aviation in 1965, and "no more than 15 percent of the total general aviation operations would find it equally convenient to use other airport facilities." But we need to provide for the many, not the few. The more difficult problem for today and tomorrow is not air access, but ground access. It would make more sense if the Port Authority were to take the hundreds of millions of dollars that a jetport would cost, and spend them instead on ingenious ground access systems for the 65 million people a year who will want to use the airlines by 1980.

Suppose the Port Authority is wrong in its projections, and that the 65 million passengers turn out to be 75 million. A 1967 decision not to build a fourth jetport still would not have been a blunder, for there are other remedies that can be applied at any time. One would be to study and test regulatory and economic devices for spreading critical peak-hour plane movements into less crowded hours. On its shuttle runs on the New York-Boston and New York-Washington routes, Eastern Airlines has been experimenting with $2-plus differential fares that make it cheaper to fly in off-peak hours. Similar experiments on longer hauls, such as New York-Chicago and New York-California, where the dollar differentials could be greater, might succeed even if the Eastern tests proved inconclusive.

John R. Meyer, professor of economics at Harvard, recommends use of peak-hour surcharges on top of regular airport use fees. "The time has come to use this leverage to distribute airport use more evenly," he says. "This is at the heart of the doubts which some airline experts have about the urgent necessity of new major jetports. It will also restrict the growing volume of private air traffic and perhaps speed the creation of separate airfields for such private and executive transports."

A further step would be to cut out unnecessary airline flights, such as those to Philadelphia, which has excellent downtown-to-downtown train service to New York; then flights to such close-in cities as Boston, Providence, Baltimore and Washington can begin to be rationed. Flights to and from all these points within Megalopolis account for about a quarter of all airliner movements at New York jetports. It can even be argued that now is the time to start choking off such flights, to create pressure for a main-line railroad from Boston to Washington that is up to Japanese standards.

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Fantasy in Vietnam

by John Osborne

Let this account of fantasy in Washington and Saigon begin with my own little fantasy. I see President Johnson abed and awake on the morning of May 12, first scowling and then smiling as he scans a front-page dispatch from Saigon, Joseph Kraft's column and the lead editorial in *The Washington Post* of that day.

All three items deal with the announcement that our civilian programs of rural pacification and "revolutionary development" in South Vietnam have been placed under military control. The Saigon dispatch reports that "dismayed" American civilians and General William C. Westmoreland himself suspect that the change has been concocted to produce "the kind of quick results the White House apparently wants," and quotes the guess of a "responsible official" that "the reason for all this is a political necessity for good news." Joe Kraft, who had predicted the event, reviews his reasons to be alarmed and concludes in weary resignation that it is "probably a necessary evil." The editorial is headed "The Bunker Approach" and it begins: "The first thing to note about the latest reorganization of the American bureaucracy in Saigon is how it came about. It is very largely the work of Ellsworth Bunker, the new ambassador." Mr. Bunker being "the sort of man he is," the *Post* concludes after some fretting, we may rest assured that he will establish "ultimate civilian control" of "a balanced pacification effort."

It was the editorial, of course, that should have been good for a morning smile. The first thing to note and the last thing to forget about the change in pacification command is that it is the work of President Johnson. He decided on it back in January or thereabouts, well before he thought of replacing Henry Cabot Lodge with Ambassador Bunker. The second thing to note is that the change itself is relatively unimportant, if by importance is meant the probable effect upon the programs in question. It is the latest reflection of the obsessive American illusion, particularly strong in Mr. Johnson but by no means unique with him, that because Americans are Americans they can do for other people, in this case the Vietnamese, what the President likes to call "the work of social revolution." This being so, Mr. Johnson's assignment of the whole American role in South Vietnam's "revolutionary development" to the American military will be examined here as an exercise in continuing official fantasy.

Mr. Johnson became enamored with the possibilities of "pacification" and "revolutionary development" at the Honolulu conference of February 1966. Granting that South Vietnam was at war, granting that "pacification" first had to mean military security for the rural hamlets and villages to be pacified and revolutionized, it all seemed to come down to a matter of doing for people and getting people to do for themselves things they wanted and needed: opening roads, building bridges and classrooms, providing good water and electric light, the kind of things that the President long ago had managed for his people along the Pedernales. These things were already being done, to the extent possible in a countryside largely dominated by the Viet Cong, but a vision of the satisfactions to be had from getting more of them done in a hurry gripped the President. He said at Honolulu, "bring me those coonskins," and he said to bring them within six months. I visited Saigon the following April and May, on a temporary job for the Agency for International Development, and I report from knowledge that the results were disastrous. In a frantic effort to come up with the demanded coonskins, a basically sound American aid program and organization were simultaneously disrupted and inflated, and they have never recovered. South Vietnam's recently appointed Minister of Revolutionary Development, Major General Nguyen Duc Thang, scrapped his promising plans to train a new force of hamlet and village cadres step by cautious step and, with hotted-up schedules for this and other aspects of "Revdev," joined the quest for instant statistics.

Robert W. Komer, the President's special assistant for Vietnam affairs, was pushing the quest in Washington. For all I know, Komer may now be a chastened and wiser man. As of last July, he personified the coonskin approach. He had reduced the Washington headquarters of AID and its administrator, David Bell, to jellied subservience. An episode in June illustrates. Deputy Ambassador William Porter, to whom the President had entrusted "unified responsibility" for the whole civilian effort in Vietnam, was returning for consultation. Komer ordered Bell to come up fast with the draft of a presidential speech proclaiming the progress made since Honolulu. He was understood at AID to suppose that the visit of a deputy ambassador could

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be made the occasion for an appearance by Mr. Johnson on national television. Bell and his Vietnam staff went into group convulsion. There were no coonskins to be proffered, no progress worth trumpeting from the White House to be reported. When I suggested from my lowly sideline that Komer be told as much, I was told not to be obstructive. The staff did its best with the tired figures on textbooks printed, schoolrooms built and projected (but not, of course, schoolrooms destroyed), fertilizer provided, fishing boats powered (but not, of course, fishing boats sunk), and the like that it had been cuddling for months and, on previous demand, had already submitted to the White House. My favorite statistic, *circa* 1964, had to do with "39,000 tons" of AID rat poison, 38 million field rats said to have been slaughtered with it, and 245,000 tons of rice and other food said to have been saved thereby. A typist had multiplied 39 tons into 39,000 – a figure that did not seem remarkable in the AID numbers mill and was still in use last summer. It was circulated without reference to the fact that the rat program had been suspended because of resultant soil pollution – early and unplanned defoliation. "You mean," an AID press officer gasped during this period, "the President is using *our* figures?" To his credit, the President did not use the figures and rhetoric delivered to Komer in June. Instead, Mr. Johnson rested with a brief handout to the effect that "the progress reported to me by Ambassador Porter is impressive, but I will be the first to say that we and our Vietnam allies have a long way to go."

The restraint was temporary. Komer compiled in September and the President recommended to the press "the first comprehensive report on the 'other war' in Vietnam." It was a masterpiece of the numbers game, replete with old statistical friends ("Pig production grew from 1.7 million in 1963 to 3 million in 1965"; and, with tonnage back to earth but no mention of pollution, "20 tons of poison were used to kill about 10 million rats"). There were just enough reservations ("still many shortcomings") to encourage confidence in the central proposition that things were "moving forward on a broad front." American civil agencies were said to be "making exceptional efforts parallel to those of our military forces," and the latter were said to be "contributing greatly to the nonmilitary effort through civic action programs, medical aid, logistic support and in a host of other ways."

Behind the rhetoric, the "other war" was not moving forward with perceptible speed and was not offsetting the combat news. On the theory, neither altogether false nor altogether relevant to the problems of rural Vietnam, that more and better top management was needed, an Office of Civil Operations was created in Saigon. Its announced and presumably major purpose was to centralize, under a director responsible to the deputy ambassador, all civilian operations more or less connected with rural pacification and development. A corollary purpose was to take over from a visible and widely known offshoot of the Central Intelligence Agency the American contribution, in advisers and money, to the training and support of General Thang's Revdev cadres. The reasoning was that when and if the shooting war got to negotiation, Hanoi and the Viet Cong would insist that any known CIA presence be withdrawn from the postwar country. Considerations of this kind had obviously ceased to be paramount, or perhaps had simply been forgotten, when cadre training along with everything else in OCO was placed under military control.

Enter "The Blended War"

The President's exasperation with the continuing failure of pacification and rural development to produce the results he wanted, for themselves and for the happy news they would make, seemed to crystallize as he became better acquainted with General Creighton W. Abrams, the army's articulate vice chief of staff. General Abrams visited Vietnam now and then and reported to the White House when he returned. Mr. Johnson liked his confident reports from a dreary scene and, in particular, his talk of "blending" the war's several elements – main-force conflict, antiguerrilla action, pacification. "Blending" and "the blended war" became favored terms around the White House; "the other war" with its connotation of two wars, both frustrating, fell from fashion. Mr. Johnson had made up his mind to consolidate the direction of American civilian and military efforts at pacification and rural development in the military before he decided to send General Abrams to Vietnam as deputy commander to General Westmoreland. But these decisions seemed to blend very nicely, like General Abrams' war. From them evolved an overall decision, not announced to this day, that the deputy commander would quietly assume general responsibility for all pacification and development, civilian and military, once the civilian operations were made formally subject to Westmoreland.

At around the same time, in early March, the President decided to "replace" (his word) Ambassador Lodge with Ambassador Bunker and to give Robert Komer a chance to deliver from Saigon the performance and results which he had been stridently demanding from Saigon. In accepting the assignment, Komer understood that he was to be a full deputy to General Westmoreland, in complete charge of the consolidated operation. His belated discovery that General Abrams, more by tacit determination of the President than by express commission, was to oversee the same activities did not sit well. There ensued one of those sordid little

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hassles that privately enliven the public business. Komer wound up with his designation as deputy to Westmoreland rather than to Abrams, the personal rank of ambassador, and – no trivial matter – a Saigon mansion which he considered adequate for his rank.

These matters were settled in Washington. Those of substance, beginning with the consolidation itself, were settled by the President. But the basic decisions were announced in Saigon by Ambassador Bunker and claimed by him for his own, presumably to affirm his authority as the President's senior representative in Vietnam and to minimize Mr. Johnson's public responsibility for them. It made for a rather curious performance at the ambassador's press conference.

"I have concluded," said Mr. Bunker, "that the US advisory and supporting role in revolutionary development can be made more effective by unifying its civil and military aspects under a single management concept. . . . I am giving General Westmoreland the responsibility. . . . I am assigning Mr. Robert Komer to his headquarters. . . . The integrity of the Office of Civil Operations will be preserved. It will continue to perform the same functions as before. . . . Naturally, we are hoping to see the pacification efforts pick up momentum."

Single management concept, the integrity of the Office of Civil Operations, Komer *vs* Abrams – how much do such things have to do with the realities of Vietnam? The Saigon government and the Johnson Administration are making all they can of the elections just held in 984 villages, 984 out of 2,526. The rest are yet to be pacified and revolutionized. Last year at this time, when these elections were originally to have been held, 1,104 villages were considered to be secure enough for voting.

See? Fantasy.

Obscenity Cases

by Alexander M. Bickel

In three cases, one each from New York, Kentucky and Arkansas, the Supreme Court, on May 8, returned to the obscenity problem for the first time since decision of the *Ginzburg, Mishkin* and *Fanny Hill* cases of March 1966. The Court's performance brings to mind a somewhat intemperate remark in a dissent some years ago, on a quite different subject, by the late Mr. Justice Jackson: "I give up. Now I realize fully what Mark Twain meant when he said, 'The more you explain it, the more I don't understand it'." Only there was hardly any explanation this time. Most of that, such as it was, came in last year's cases. Now the Court said virtually nothing; it simply acted. And what it did was to hold that two paperbacks, *Lust Pool* and *Shame Agent*, and a series of girlie magazines – *High Heels, Spree, Gent, Swank, Bachelor, Modern Man, Cavalcade, Gentlemen, Ace* and *Sir* – were not obscene.

Thus the Court resumed a practice that it had previously followed for nine years, from 1957 to 1966. During that period, as Professor C. Peter Magrath points out in the current *Supreme Court Review*, the Court, in 12 cases, "overturned judgments against nearly 200 items ranging from such serious works as Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, to such potboilers as *Trailer Trollop* and *Wife-Swappers*." Lower courts got the idea, and most observers would have agreed with *Time* magazine when it concluded in 1965, that "just about anything is printable in the US today." The only exception appeared to be something known as hard-core pornography, which Justice Stewart, in an opinion in 1964, had allowed might well be impossible to define, but which, he said, he knew when he saw it. But then last year, while holding that *Fanny Hill* was not obscene, the Court affirmed the obscenity convictions of Edward Mishkin, a purveyor of sado-masochistic and homosexual pulp, which, however, no one classified as hard-core pornography, and of Ralph Ginzburg, the publisher of *Eros* and of assorted companion volumes, which the Court utterly failed to differentiate from the items it had found not obscene in all those cases since 1957, and even from *Fanny Hill*, which it was holding not obscene in the same breath.

The vagaries of the subjective individual judgments that the Justices were pressing into service as the law of the Constitution caused little more than intellectual anguish to professional observers of the Court, but they fell rather hard on the Messrs. Mishkin and Ginzburg, who were subject, respectively, to a three- and a five-year prison sentence, not to speak of hefty fines. The Ginzburg conviction particularly roused the sense

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of injustice. For by employing a kind of Alice-in-Wonderland logic, one might succeed in putting Mr. Mishkin's case to the side, and also the *Fanny Hill* case, contemporaneous with that of Mr. Ginzburg. Mishkin's stuff was sado-masochistic – not hard-core pornography, but conceivably entitled to a category of its own. And *Fanny Hill* is old pornography, rather than current; its style is 18th century, it has historical interest, and . . . well, it is old. Somehow it may qualify, therefore, as having what the Court is pleased to call redeeming social value. But what was the difference – any conceivable difference – between Ginzburg's wares and the many items the Court had been ready to tolerate in the years before, which included, in addition to those already mentioned, *Pleasure Was My Business*, describing abnormal exercises in a Florida brothel, *Manual* and *Grecian Guild Pictorial*, and the film *A Stranger Knocks*, in which there is a scene that none but the least worldly can interpret as representing anything but sexual intercourse? Against this background, the only sense one could make of the *Ginzburg* case was that it marked a concerted, collective change of attitude, a hardening of attitude.

Ginzburg's Erroneous Expectation

In common with virtually all observers, Mr. Ginzburg had thought, when, in 1961, he commenced publication of his *Eros*, "the magazine of sexual candor," that the venture was made possible by "recent court decisions that have realistically interpreted America's obscenity laws and that have given to this country a new breadth of freedom of expression." A lay opinion only, to be sure, but one thoroughly grounded in the expectations of more qualified observers. The Supreme Court defeated these expectations, and a bitter lesson that was for Mr. Ginzburg. Nevertheless, the defeat of such expectations at an unjust cost to an occasional individual is a price we have customarily paid for the flexibility and vitality of our system of case law. Law that is made in cases is always in some measure retroactive, and if it is ever to change and grow, it must sometimes defeat expectations.

But what has now happened departs from the customary, and makes the injustice well-nigh intolerable. For *High Heels* and *Spree* and the like, let alone *Lust Pool* and *Shame Agent* – held not obscene on May 8 – are no more distinguishable from Mr. Ginzburg's publications than were all those items that went before, from 1957 to 1966. The Court merely referred by name to the publications involved in the decisions of May 8, and dwelt on them no further, but *Lust Pool* and *Shame Agent*, for example, are characterized without contradiction in District Attorney Frank Hogan's brief as describing in detail a male protagonist's "sexual encounters – both natural and perverse – with numerous females, including in at least one instance, two females at the same time." So it appears that the Court has changed its attitude back again, simply leap-frogging Mr. Ginzburg. There is no new threshold after all, or if there was, it was there for Ginzburg alone, and no one else, to trip over. This is not one of the regrettable but unavoidable vicissitudes we encounter in the development of case law; it is the rank injustice of punishing a man under a rule applicable to no one else, past *or* future. The Court, we now know, made of Mr. Ginzburg an example which exemplifies nothing. Had any other institution been responsible for this performance – say some hapless administrative agency – the Court would have been well-justified in holding that it violated the Due Process and Equal Protection Clauses.

All there is of an effort to differentiate Mr. Ginzburg's case in the short order – it is hardly an opinion – that the Court wrote in the three cases that it decided on May 8, is the remark that in these cases there was no "evidence of the sort of 'pandering' which the Court found significant in *Ginzburg* v. *United States*." The pandering notion was based on Ginzburg's advertising, and embodies the bizarre proposition that Ginzburg's publications, even if not otherwise obscene, were made so by his sales pitch, which emphasized that they were sexually interesting. That, as Mr. Justice Douglas very sensibly said in dissent in the *Ginzburg* case, would make the constitutional protection of the Song of Solomon depend on the way it was sold, and might turn into unlawful obscenity a lot of "lotions, tires, food, liquor, clothing, autos, and even insurance policies," sold with the aid of displays "of thighs, calves, bosoms" *etc.* But be that as it may, and assuming that the pandering test does have some validity, it is impossible to see how publications titled *Lust Pool* and *Shame Agent*, or *High Heels*, *Spree*, *Gent*, *Bachelor*, and so on and so on, with the pictures and blurbs that adorn them, all held not obscene on May 8, pander any less than Ginzburg's product.

Some hope remains that the injustice done to Ginzburg can still be partially remedied. Following the Supreme Court's decision in his case, Ginzburg's lawyers moved before Federal District Judge Ralph C. Body in Philadelphia, who had tried and sentenced Ginzburg, for a hearing with a view to obtaining a reduction in the sentence. Most issues in the case were, of course, definitely foreclosed by the Supreme Court's decision. Among the issues that could not be reargued because they are foreclosed was whether Ginzburg's conviction can now properly be rested, in whatever part, on the Supreme Court's pandering theory, even though his case was not initially tried on that theory. Not similarly foreclosed, however, is the question whether, reconsidering the case on the Supreme Court's

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theory, which had not before occurred to him, Judge Body might not conclude that a lesser sentence was due. For the Supreme Court reviewed the conviction only, not the sentence. The sentence was still entirely in Judge Body's power to reassess in light of the present, somewhat new, posture of the case.

Judge Body denied the motion out of hand. So, by a divided vote, did a panel of the Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. Subsequently, however, by a vote of 4 to 3, that entire court granted a rehearing *en banc*, which is to take place on May 23. It is quite possible, thus, that the Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit will order Judge Body to grant a hearing with a view to a reexamination of Ginzburg's heavy sentence. And while by an ancient, not very well-founded and certainly overly rigid rule, which other courts have begun to question of late, a Court of Appeals will review only convictions, not sentences, leaving the latter entirely within the discretion of the trial judge, it is possible also that the Court of Appeals may at least suggest that Ginzburg's five-year sentence is excessively harsh. So there remains some hope that Ginzburg, at the moment still free on bail, may be given a shorter sentence. It is probably too much to hope that he can get a suspended one. And yet, the Supreme Court's new decisions bear on the hearing to be held in Philadelphia on May 23. They compound the injustice that was done to Ginzburg, and as such they must weigh on the consciences of the judges of the Court of Appeals.

Whatever may be done to ameliorate Ginzburg's situation, the Supreme Court has made an utter shambles of the law of obscenity. The problem is exceedingly difficult – quite likely insoluble at the hands of the Supreme Court. On principle it would seem clear that, while government may take a hand in helping parents and schools to control what juveniles read and see, and while government should also have the power to control displays that thrust themselves unavailingly at people who may feel offended by them – with these two exceptions, anyone should have the right to print and publish and show anything that anyone else may wish to read and see. But as Professor Magrath has pointed out, it seems equally clear that a majority of our people are not prepared to accept such a broadly permissive rule, and that their unwillingness to accept it is based in some part on surmises about the possible connection between pornography and crime. That there is no such connection may be likely. But no one is able to prove it.

In such circumstances, it is neither wise nor is it possible, as a practical matter, for the Court to impose and enforce a broadly permissive constitutional rule. And short of a broadly permissive rule, as the Justices have amply demonstrated, there is no coherent and consistent constitutional principle on which to rest judicial judgment. There is merely – but that is a great deal – an opportunity, through procedural, interpretive and other decisions falling short of the attempt to impose ultimate constitutional prohibitions, to discourage, circumscribe, reduce and contain the application of obscenity statutes. This is the business the Supreme Court ought to get on with.

The Polish Consensus

Proletarianism and Sheer Pragmatism

by Ross Terrill

Warsaw

A story in Moscow has Brezhnev and Johnson lining up together for soup in a concentration camp near Peking. "You know Leonid," says Johnson, "I did keep telling you Germany was not our major problem." For Poland, Germany is still the major problem, and Warsaw will be the last capital to agree that any other has eclipsed it.

Poland, so often "too far East for the West, yet too far West for the East," has come to a seemingly stable accommodation between the two. Her political alignment with the USSR is now seldom questioned; nor is her cultural appetite for the West seriously denied by the ruling United Workers Party. So often a rebelli-

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ous opponent of settlements of which she was the victim, Poland now supports the present territorial settlement in central Europe; Polish nationalism, for once, favors the existing order of things. Poland, so often under the heel of Germany, Russia or Austria, now makes her own way in the world. Poland, a dozen years ago one of the most unwilling members of the Warsaw Pact, considered in the US the ripest for seduction by the West, is now perhaps its keenest member, and Gomulka the most dogged believer in the faded banner of proletarian internationalism to be found between Berlin and Vladivostok.

Burying the Romantic Tradition

"Measure your powers by your purpose, not your purposes by your powers," wrote the great Polish poet, Mickiewicz (1798-1855). Such political romanticism stirred in the breast of Pilsudski, one of the major figures of early 20th-century Poland, who wrapped himself in the glorious traditions of the 1863 insurrection against Russia, and believed that each generation of Poles had the duty to rise up with arms and assert the dignity of Poland as a power.

The romantic approach has been anti-Russian; has exalted military and patriotic glory; has insisted that Poland is a great power, rightfully extending from the Black Sea to the Baltic; has sought a place within the concert of nations of the liberal West. The romantics vigorously celebrate the 1831 and 1863 uprisings against Czarism, and the 1944 Warsaw uprising. They were the ones who signed for Poland at Versailles. They were the ones – like Colonel Beck, one of the last romantic Polish mandarins – who rejected alliance with the USSR, until the disaster of the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact brought them to the agony of a fifth partition. They are the ones who sit today, writing, dreaming, aging, as the Polish government-in-exile in London.

Just as the British Tories were held back from joint action with the USSR against the German threat in the 'thirties partly by the antipathy of their social philosophy to Bolshevism, so too, even more intensely, was the Polish government of the same period. "With the Germans," declared Marshal Smigly-Rydz, commander of the armed forces and prominent political figure, on the eve of the war, "we will lose our freedom, with the Russians we will lose our soul."

One is skeptical that it was ordinary Poles who ever wanted to risk all for "glory"; who preferred to fight and lose than find an accommodation with one of Poland's neighbors. But the aristocracy – whose remnants are now squeezed into the mould of "People's Poland" – were at many points of history deeply imbued with political romanticism, which fitted well with their cultural tastes – for French verse, Italian architecture, the novels of Walter Scott. The Soviet embrace of Poland in 1944 put a rude stop to the dominance of the romantic tradition of Polish foreign policy, by imposition from the top. In the 23 years since then, the socialization of Poland, that has ironed out the traditional class wrinkles, has seemingly put an end to romanticism by the profounder means of totally replacing traditional Polish leadership with a communist elite who would cheerfully trade "glory" for machine tools, and the finely spun web of diplomatic ties with the liberal West for the stout arm of Soviet protection against Germany. "It is the greatest achievement of Gomulka," said a leading party intellectual, "to have buried the romantic tradition and the kind of society which indulged in it."

The principal source of stability in Polish foreign policy today is that the Gomulka regime has managed to bring it into reasonably close relationship with the social and economic realities of Polish society. The dominant elite of communists favor, for reasons of social philosophy, what the majority of Poles also favor, generally for reasons of national interest – the Soviet alliance. Party officials talk about "proletarian internationalism"; the left Catholic organization PAX talks about "the school of Polish patriotic thinking"; a man who lost much of his family in Auschwitz and Treblinka talks about the supreme importance of security against West Germany; a pragmatic young student party member talks of the need for international stability in order that Poland might develop her technology, and effect the integration of the two million and more who left the villages for the towns in the 1950's. For all of them, diverse in ideology and temperament, the Soviet alliance is unquestionably right. There are clouds on the horizon, as we will see, but for the moment Gomulka has fashioned a consensus on foreign policy.

A Warsaw editor, in a conversation about international politics, kept referring to "the war," and I took him to mean Vietnam. But he meant World War II. "Germany is Poland's shirt, Asia is just an outer garment," said the chief editor of *Kontynenty*, a smart magazine which brings Afro-Asian matters to Polish readers. The six million dead; the ruins here and there in Warsaw; the bullet-honeycombed walls of many of the 20 percent of Warsaw buildings not razed in Hitler's attempt to make Warsaw "no more than a geographical term"; the old people whose face and manner seem heavy with the filtered memory of suffering; the half-hidden knowledge of German of those who learned it in the furnace of 1939-1944; the visitors to the Auschwitz commemoration, who have these last weeks filled the hotel lobbies – all this speaks of what is still the deepest reality of politics for Poles, faded history as it may seem to those who are fighting in Vietnam.

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All Poles, even the émigrés in Paris and London, even the Catholic bishops, are adamant that Oder-Neisse is a final frontier. The young are not emotional about it, but they seem no less firm. "The argument that my father was in Treblinka does not work with a 20-year-old in Heidelberg," explained a student leader, "but the argument that the results of the defeat of Hitlerite aggression must be accepted is an even stronger one." For these young professionals, it is the "revanchists" in Bonn, not the Poles this time, who cast their thought in mythological terms. Young Poles have no taste for political romanticism: they just point to existing territorial realities, and make a businesslike reference to their Soviet neighbor.

Relations with East Germany, which for Gomulka seem a matter of such joy and fervor, are more generally seen in practical terms. "The GDR is very convenient," a journalist complained, "but why must Gomulka *kiss* Ulbricht!" A Central Committee member probed further, speaking intensely: "Through the GDR we Slavs are in Germany. It is a gift God gave us from the war. Also we see more and more that two decades of existence of the GDR must certainly influence the future shape of Germany. Time is on our side, for each year makes that clearer." Temperament, and big differences in cultural and agricultural policy, put a gulf between even the communists of Berlin and Warsaw. (Was it fanciful to discern symbolic differences of style between Ulbricht and Gomulka in the most prominent posters greeting the traveler at the two airports?: "50th Anniversary of the Great October Revolution" at East Berlin. "Eat Polish Strawberries," in English, at Warsaw.)

Culturally and economically Poles are, in fact, far more interested in, and interesting to, West Germans than East Germans. But it is a measure of the pragmatism of their foreign policy that this cultural and technological interest does not restrain their political embrace of Ulbricht, nor their total political rejection of Bonn on Bonn's present terms. Whereas many Polish books and journals are not obtainable in East Germany, West Germany snaps up more Polish cultural imports than any country in the world. "A sense of guilt in Germany," explain the Poles. From the Polish side, there is a fascination with the economic and technological achievements of the West Germans – the mood of the young, especially, is sensitive to this fascination.

Attitude Toward the Russians

On the governmental and party levels, Poland has moved from the second most reluctant ally of the USSR in 1956 to perhaps the most satisfied. By 1958, she had lost the independence from Moscow that she had fought for and to an extent possessed in 1956-57 (when in the vote on the admission of UN observers to Hungary she abstained, rather than support the USSR), but since 1961 much of it has been regained. Good authorities assert that Poland now takes her ordinary foreign policy decisions – for example the Polish-US agreement on the use of US-owned zlotys for English teaching, signed two weeks ago – free of explicit pressure from Moscow.

"A man goes into a store and asks for tea," runs a current story. "Chinese or Russian tea?" says the girl. "Make it coffee," he mumbles. Poland for some time resisted the polarization between China and the USSR, partly because until 1957 (when a scheduled trip by Mao to Poland was canceled) she had had especially good relations with Peking; the "Hundred Flowers" period and the "Polish October" being seen in both capitals as aspects of a similar liberalization. Though anxious about the split, and a little puzzled by the passion on both sides, Poland now supports the Soviet call for a conference of parties. At the same time, officials in Warsaw concede that the split has given Poland, and other bloc countries, new possibilities of bargaining and maneuver with Moscow. Furthermore, Poland finds that just as she clings tight to the USSR, because of Germany, the USSR begins in some measure to cling tight to Poland, because of China.

Where the tie was once held by political tautness, now it is increasingly stabilized on the basis of economic and technical interrelation, as well as on the rock of German policy (in 1965, 31 percent of Poland's imports came from the USSR, and the USSR took 35 percent of her exports). The Poles feel they have something to offer in the relationship. "Podgorny would not have talked with the Pope," it was suggested, "but for the fact that the neighbor and ally of the USSR is Catholic." They also argue, as a political writer put it, that "countries such as Italy talk to Poland with respect, because of our link with the USSR." This would seem somewhat in tension with the strong national pride that exists in varying degrees in the hearts of all Poles, but it is a fact that they accept the position as basically satisfactory, not least since there is no alternative, unless Europe should really soon become united from the Atlantic to the Urals.

The opinion of the USSR and its people among Poles outside the government has slightly improved, even since the first of my visits to Poland, in 1964. Intellectuals visit the USSR more and find the atmosphere improved; young people learn Russian with less reluctance as they see its value in the technical and professional field; the 70 percent of the population who are under 40 (25 percent are under 16), have little emotion about old Polish-Russian wounds. "Where there used to be silence, now at least there is talk and movement," said an observer of the Soviet intellectual

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scene. "There was recently a *Pravda* article on ballet, saying that it was all very well to do *Swan Lake* in the splendid time-honored style, but that Russian ballet ought to learn to live with changes, for the future cannot be the same as the past. What goes for ballet, will go for other things in the USSR too."

Another man, in an official post, made his first visit to the USSR this year, after scores of journeys in the rest of Europe. "The Russians are not so impressive when you see them in the street, or meet them in a cafe; but see them at their *work* and they are impressive. We Poles, by the way, have only fairly recently settled down to work." A student leader touched the same theme: "The solid thing to us about the USSR is that we can see there that what we are building in Poland works." The USSR frightens them less, begins to interest them more.

Parallel with the improvement in the image of the USSR in Poland, there has probably been a deterioration in the image of the Poles' own government performance in domestic affairs. The Russians cannot be blamed for everything anymore, and it has become clear to Poles who dislike communist parties that Gomulka and his men are the genuine variety – not just Polish national leftists who have to toe the line of Moscow. For some this has brought disillusion ("We have not reaped any real harvest from the Polish October") – but that involves cultural and bureaucratic issues that lie outside foreign policy.

One cloud on the horizon for Poland could arise from the anxiety which the USSR feels about China, which may possibly lead to diminished Soviet attention to the German question – on which the Polish government says it has "identical" interests with the USSR. (The story about Johnson and Brezhnev in the Chinese concentration camp can evoke rather uncertain laughter in Warsaw.) Alongside Soviet anxiety about China, one must place the certainty that West Germany will seek the more active role in Central Europe that is historically, geographically, and economically natural to her. The rigid Bonn diplomacy of the cold war period, which the US encouraged in the Adenauer decade, will not endure as the cold war subsides, and US influence in Western Europe declines.

"Experience Will Remain Our Guide"

One wonders if Polish policy is not too static for the fluidity of the times. Some Poles are sure that the USSR fought so hard for her position in Central Europe that she would not compromise in the least with Bonn, and that anyway it is no longer true, as it traditionally was, that Germany is strong enough to challenge Russia. Moscow, they say, has been clever, not weak, on the Bonn-Bucharest affair: by leaving Rumania alone, just continuing to propagandize against Bonn, and letting Warsaw and Prague and Berlin make their own regional arrangement – which has now perhaps made Bucharest look isolated, rather than Berlin.

Other Poles may ponder the reported, but unconfirmed, withdrawal of several Soviet divisions from East Germany, and remember that at least once before socialist Russia has done a "deal" with Germany at Poland's expense. Poles have little awareness of Asia, even of China. Hence they will not be quick to respond if the new Red Kingdom that flanks the Soviet border should shake up the patterns of the old world in which Poland's attentions have of necessity always been rigidly focused. A few reflect on this. "The alliance with the USSR," a bright young party man remarked, "is based upon experience, not abstract, immutable principle. Experience will remain our guide. The camp will not always be a camp." This is a far cry from the proletarian internationalism which is the official version. But most Poles get no nearer the realities of the Chinese problem than the quip about the USSR as a "buffer state between Poland and China."

It may be that the Warsaw-Berlin-Prague links – the "Iron Triangle" as it has been dubbed in Yugoslavia – will become more important to Poland, as the camp as a whole loses cohesion, and especially so if Moscow and Peking can come to no understanding. A decade ago it was East Germany and Czechoslovakia who were most zealous in denouncing Poland's policies, but now these three find they have a relatively common interest toward Germany, which differs from that of the "southern tier" of socialist states, which either did not experience Nazi horrors or actually leaned to Hitler's side.

It is pointed out with satisfaction in Warsaw that whereas it was the socialist bloc that felt, at the time of the Soviet Memorandum of 1952, that reunification of Germany might be best, because East Germany did not then seem viable, now they can laugh at the idea of reunification. Time is on the side of East Germany. She is in the good tactical position of being quite prepared to establish relations with Bonn, while it is Bonn which must now struggle in the coils of its own Hallstein Doctrine, trying to wish away what everyone can see is a sovereign state.

For economic reasons as well as because of the German problem, Poland finds satisfaction in the bloc, unlike Rumania whose economy benefits very little, if at all, from Comecon. Not always content in the bloc previously herself, Poland now rebukes Rumania for "unbrotherly" behavior (in private there are murmurs about "gypsies"), and last December when Brezhnev had his 60th birthday it was the Polish greeting ("this untiring fighter") that was the most flattering. The Poles now stand for solidarity, for practical reasons.

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There used to be a saying in Poland that "God is too high and France too far away" – that is, to bring protection against Germany. Poland has learned that truth thoroughly, and one can scarcely find a serious voice favoring a political and military alliance with the West, even among those who vastly prefer "capitalism" to "socialism." In fact capitalism served Poland no better than the political alliance with the West: industrial production actually fell between 1913 and 1938. The cold, hard fact is that the USSR supports the deeply held Polish view on Oder-Neisse, whereas the US supports the view of Bonn; France takes a view in between, and Poland responds with an "in between" attitude toward her.

How Close to the United States

In the heyday of the Rapacki Plan (the implementation of which would have opened new options for Poland, and possibly brought her much closer to the West) the Poles were still open to arrangements with the West on basic matters, but it is pointed out now in Warsaw with resignation that the US rejected the Plan as early as May 1958, and few now expect Poland to draw closer to the West, except as part of a general settlement in Europe which includes the whole bloc.

It is true that Poland distinguishes increasingly between the US and the rest of the West, as indeed, in varying degrees, do many people all over the world. Vietnam, after Oder-Neisse, is the principal reason why. Murmurs of puzzlement are occasionally heard about the Vietnamese communists' unreadiness to compromise a little further with the US, and officials concede that "we do discuss certain issues with Hanoi from time to time." But one finds support for the US position only among the odd conservative, or the individual who has personally suffered much through the Polish communist regime. "During Korea the average Pole sympathized with the US," said an informed observer, who is anything but communist; "today on Vietnam it is a totally different picture." The doubters seem to be people who put the suffering of the fighting, which evokes such acute memories, above *any* political considerations, and thus regard Ho Chi Minh as obstinate, and too ideological.

Journalists, however, who know the story of the negotiation moves last December, in Warsaw, believe that it is Washington, more than Hanoi, which now will accept nothing but military victory. On December second and third, Mr. Lodge met the Polish ICC man in Saigon, asking Poland to prepare contacts between officials representing Hanoi and Washington. Soon after, Mr. Rapacki told the US that Vietnamese representatives were ready to meet the US in Warsaw. December 13 and 14, however, brought the bombing of central areas in Hanoi, including damage to the Chinese Embassy, and the next day Rapacki conveyed to the US the view of Hanoi that the talks had been deliberately torpedoed, and they never took place. That is the version here, inside and outside the government.

Though the German question has been the cause of much of the solidly grounded opposition to the US, by an odd twist it could be that, over the next decade, the same centrality of the German question may bring the Poles to qualify in one respect their opposition to the US. Some of them are not keen about the decline of the US position in West Europe, because they know it means the increased influence, not only of Paris, but of Bonn as well. "The US has clear rights in Europe based upon Potsdam," a high official stressed. "We have never spoken out against US presence in Europe as such." Said another: "Yes, we would prefer US influence in Europe to West German influence"; though he added, "the trouble is for 20 years there has been no difference between the two, since Washington has met Bonn's every demand." There is at least some diplomatic room for maneuver in sight, on this issue, but many Polish commentators doubt that the US is flexible and alert enough to exploit it. "We cannot see that they have any policy for Europe now that the cold war period is ending," complained one.

France is now much closer to Poland than is the US, and the heightened diplomatic and cultural activity between Warsaw and Paris is popular among Poles. "When de Gaulle comes in June," predicted a Warsaw veteran, "he will receive a tremendous welcome. First, because of his anti-Nazi record and present stand on the Polish-German frontier; second, because of his independence from the US, especially on Vietnam; third, because of sentimental factors, the cultural respect for France, and a bit of nostalgia for the 'grandeur' of the Polish romantic tradition which the style of de Gaulle evokes."

Students in Crakow last year put John F. Kennedy at the top of their list of "heroes"; but the probable lack of political significance in the choice is suggested by the next four names in order: Yuri Gagarin, de Gaulle, Pope John XXIII, Karl Marx. Poles devour writing about far-distant places, the more remote and exotic the better, and a shoal of writers who roam the world keep them well supplied, but their essays and books are completely devoid of politics. Similarly, Western literature is much read – 500,000 Western books were imported in 1966 – but nobody, not even the government, seems to view them any longer as a challenge to the regime, or as an enticement to readers to practice an inner emigration from Polish realities.

The realities in Poland are after all improving slowly. Agricultural production is up one-third since 1956; industrial output per capita is almost 60 percent that

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of Britain, having risen from half the world average in 1939 to more than double the world average today. There are 62 university students per 10,000 inhabitants, compared with 14 in 1939. "We are losing our inferiority complex," said a sociologist, "and this changes our attitudes to the West." A journalist who travels much in Europe said that when he went to Sweden in 1949, he was tremendously impressed with things: clean, the lights all worked, things went according to schedule; it filled him with anguish about war-torn Poland. "Recently I went back to Sweden," he recalled, "and nothing like that struck me much; it is a measure of Poland's advance."

The economic image of the West does, of course, still glitter for Poles. "We always think of France or Germany, never of Greece or Portugal!" someone pointed out; that is perhaps in the nature of the soaring Polish imagination. But the significant thing is that the Poles have made sufficient advance to convince themselves that it is in Poland, by Polish effort, upon the basis they have laid – not through some kind of salvation by the agency of the West, nor by military heroics – that their dreams will have a chance of fulfillment.

Catholics and the State

The opposition of elements of the Polish intelligentsia to the government has little if anything to do with foreign policy. A typical criticism from one of those involved in the events that surrounded and followed the expulsion of Professor Kolakowski from the party last October would be that the style is wearyingly and unnecessarily dogmatic; but the fundamentals are not challenged. The Catholic bishops, especially Cardinal Wyszynski, are, however, thought by some to present such a challenge – focused in the celebrated letter to the German bishops last year, and elaborated at intervals during the strained acrimony of the Millennium commemorations of State and Church.

Yet the balance of evidence suggests that the Cardinal is first and last a Polish churchman, not a serious, systematic right-wing political thinker in the manner of Bonald or de Maistre, nor a reactionary like the fixed tenant of the US Embassy in Budapest, Cardinal Mindszenty. His conservatism is theological and ecclesiastical, with a strong dash of chauvinist patriotism. As the believers pay their deep respect to him – no one can doubt his following, especially among peasants – he is encouraged to conceive the church as the true embodiment of the Polish nation.

A buttressing factor is his belief that an "atheist" government is neither genuinely Polish, nor much to be trusted; he is perhaps more opposed to their atheism than their socialism. In Rome in 1957, after his release from prison (two years after Gomulka's own release), Wyszynski was conducted through the splendors of the Basilica by a rather self-satisfied Cardinal, and he said at the end: "A beautiful building, but tell me, where are the faithful?" The style and stiffness and glitter of the Vatican does not suit him; he is a churchman of the Polish masses.

The clash with the state arises not from clearly formulated ideological irreconcilability, but from Wyszynski's rash, and finally indefensible, aspiration to "speak for the nation." Not for "the Catholic community of Poland" does he pretend to speak, but for "Poland," which infuriates the government. A Catholic who knows Wyszynski well said he had never heard the Cardinal enunciate anything remotely like an alternative foreign policy for Poland: "It's just that to him 'Poland' and 'The Church' are two sides of the same reality, and an atheist government is an outrage."

What will happen to the blend of proletarianism and sheer pragmatism in the foreign policy thinking of the present elite of old communists, when the young professionals, who have had all the advantages of education and stability that the old elite lacked, and have little of their doctrinal conviction, arrive at the helm? "The great change since the war," observed a leading sociologist, "is from messianic attitudes, including the notion that Poland has a special calling, to a fascination with technology and a concentration upon economic development." The replacement of "heroes" by "citizens" has some way still to go, and Gomulka is increasingly said to be out of date, and failing to take a really long view, facing the future on its own terms.

The passing of the old communists, however, will remove a strong ingredient of dedication and public-spiritedness from Polish government.

A recent survey found among the young "a conspicuous absence of public ambition, desire for power, or readiness to serve others"; none of these things Gomulka lacks. Can Poland face the international future in all its potentiality when quite a lot of the young are disengaged, distrustful of what has been offered them in the realm of ideas, bent single-mindedly upon private goals?

The striking fact is that the very success of Gomulka's policies has given Poland a period of growth and consolidation that has, in turn, produced the professionalism, practicality, and political disengagement of the young. The lack of challenge to the present government is due *both* to the subsiding of the romantic spirit in Poland, *and* to the satisfaction that is widely felt with the adjustment Poland has made to a world she never made. Whether the "soul of Poland" is fulfilled is imponderable, and few seem to ponder it. The reality is that the body of Poland, dismembered and tortured so often in the past, is tending its own needs in a climate of peace and quiet.

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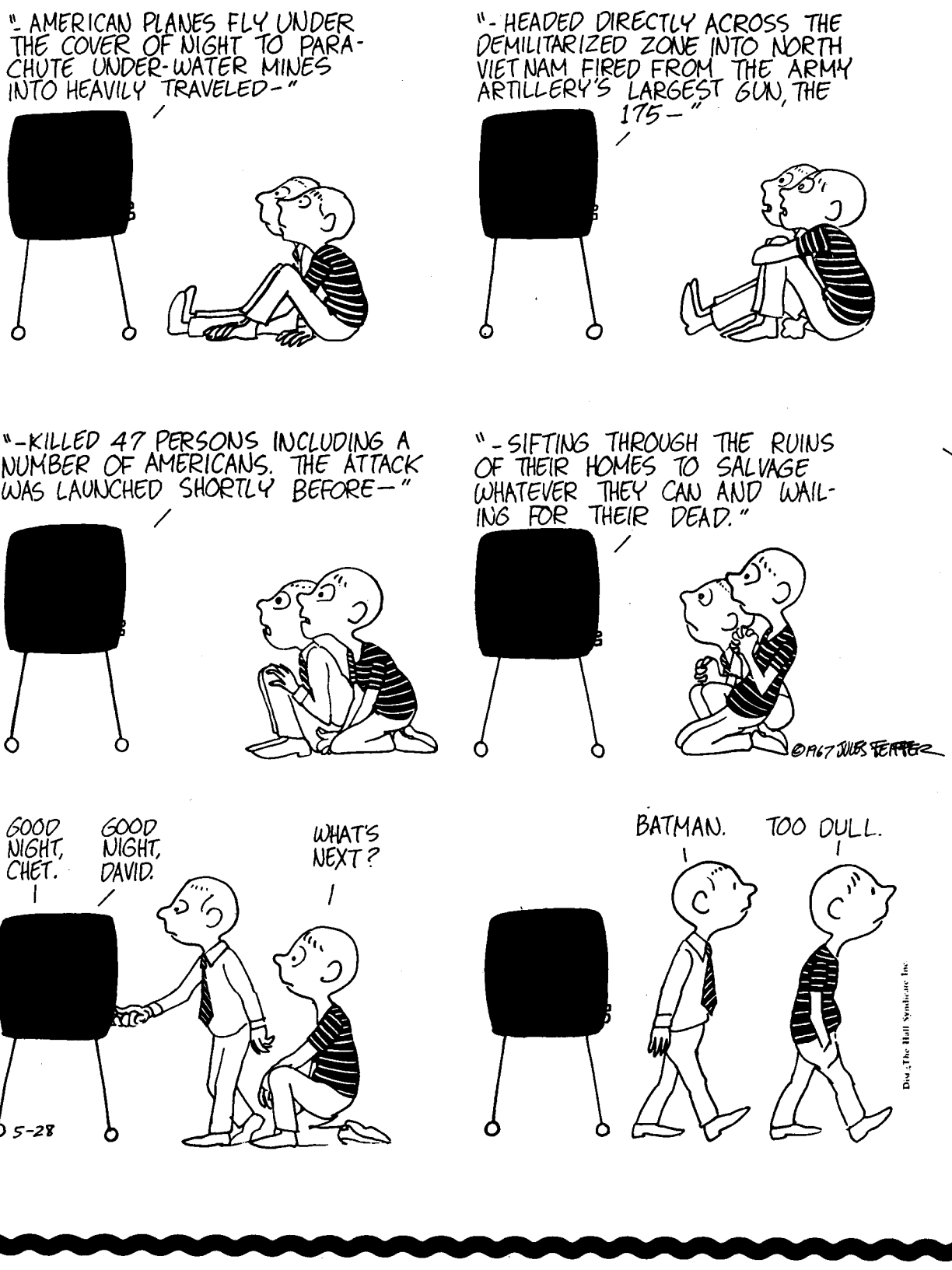
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"- HEADED DIRECTLY ACROSS THE DEMILITARIZED ZONE INTO NORTH VIETNAM FIRED FROM THE ARMY ARTILLERY'S LARGEST GUN, THE 175-"
"-KILLED 47 PERSONS INCLUDING A NUMBER OF AMERICANS. THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED SHORTLY BEFORE-"
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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Gone and Forgotten*

The recent death of the *New York World - Journal - Tribune,* commented upon last week by *The New Republic,* seems to me an event of national significance precisely because it was so unimportant. There were the usual lamentations about the shrinking of the press and the attendant dangers, but most of these outcries were, I think, inappropriate.

Almost the only grave matter in the closing is the human one – 2,600 people unemployed. But even this hard fact – hard indeed for those involved – has not been viewed clearly. Only 370 of those 2,600 were specialized newspaper people: editors, writers of various kinds, and copy editors. The others – linotypers, accountants, secretaries, truckers, personnel officers, and so on – can more or less easily accommodate to new fields. Three-hundred-and-seventy people are not to be shrugged off, particularly when they are professionals of a diminishing profession, but that figure is much less than 2,600. This, I hope, is not smugness about other people's troubles, it is an attempt at an objective view.

Other than the reality of the ex-staff's problems, the laments for the *WJT* seem highly questionable. What functions did it serve? What functions does any afternoon paper serve in our era? For several years I have been traveling around the country and have been afflicted with a number of local newspapers. The afternoon papers are invariably worse than the morning ones – I should say *even* worse. I concentrate here on various aspects of the *WJT*, but I think these remarks have wide application:

News. It is the commonest truism that afternoon papers are not produced as newspapers but as daily magazines. Not all the important events in the world occur between 4 p.m. and 5 a.m., Eastern Standard Time, to suit the morning newspapers, but the very appearance of afternoon newspapers shows at a glance that they do not expect to sell on news content. They *always* have banner headlines, and continuous emphasis is, of course, no emphasis. (Morning tabloids share this custom, but how often are those headlines concerned with anything of post-adolescent interest?) The implicit viewpoint of the afternoon paper is that the reader has *had* his news for the day, so it must bang him with headlines to hide the fact that usually it can provide only supplementary bulletins, which could more easily and freshly be heard on radio or TV. Even most sports results are no longer available to afternoon papers since many games are now played under lights. As a news medium, the afternoon paper is an anachronism.

It depends for its life on its features and columns. Most *WJT* columns – advice to the lovelorn, several gossip writers, some syndicated tearjerkers – demonstrated that the prime purpose of the afternoon paper, as a genus, is to kill time. It seems to exist principally for the homeward-bound jobholder, and (to judge by observation of commuters) he wants the stock-market prices, some light entertainment, and the crossword puzzle. (Do many housewives read afternoon papers? I would have guessed that few read the *WJT* except that it had a good woman's-page writer, Eugenia Sheppard.) The afternoon paper is a lubricant to help get the jobholder home and settled down with his drink before dinner – possibly also to dawdle with afterward, before the TV goes on. Anyone with more on his mind is not going to spend all that time on comics, health tips, and horoscopes.

I do not pronounce magisterially that most afternoon readers should be deprived of what they want. But the fulfillment of these needs is quite a different function from the sacred duties of journalism that were invoked and mourned when the *WJT* died.

The clear exceptions to the above were the political columnists – Walter Lippmann, Evans and Novak, Joseph Alsop. (Mr. Lippmann now appears in *The New York Post.*) None of these is congenitally an *afternoon* columnist. I think it not overfanciful to say that there is an indefinable but perceptible quality in most columnists who write specifically for afternoon papers – the sense of a slightly frantic need to grab and hold attention.

Editorials. I never heard or saw any reference to a *WJT* editorial.

Criticism. This is the area where the grieving was loudest. We were told that the reduction in the number of critical opinions is dangerous. I agree. But what did the *WJT* contribute to critical diversity?

Literary criticism? Few would contend that its daily reviews had much effect. The same holds for its music criticism. The paper inherited from the *Tribune* an art critic who, whatever one thinks of her taste, indisputably had some following. Ditto for film criticism and (with a change of gender) ballet criticism.

But the most pained moan went up from the theatre, which deals in big investments and is especially vulnerable to New York reviews. (Films, except for imports, are not nearly as vulnerable. They are available in many places where New York papers are not read, and are often widely released before they are ever shown in New York.) I do not here comment on the merits of the *WJT* drama critic, only on his box-office influence. It would be hard to prove that it was not negligible.

Few people whom I know of in theatre *business* would maintain that a favorable *WJT* review, against an adverse *Times* review, could have saved a show. Fewer still would maintain that an adverse *WJT* review, against a favorable *Times* review, could have closed a show. As to sheer number of opinions, a recent full-page ad for a new Broadway show in the Sunday *Times* quoted 28 blurbs. The earlier death of the *WJT* would have reduced this by one.

The brute fact is that for many years only two reviews – the *Times* and the *Tribune* – had strong immediate box-office effect. (And money is our sub-

(Continued on page 36)

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E Pluribus Unum

by John Wain

This is an interesting book. But its interest seems to me to center on the mind of Lord Snow himself, rather than on the characters he offers to expound to us.

Some years ago, in his influential short book *The Two Cultures*, Lord Snow made an attempt to mediate between the worlds of the scientist and the imaginative writer. From this, the

Variety of Men
by C. P. Snow
(Scribner's; $5.95)

more simple-minded among his admirers came to the conclusion that his own mind combined the qualities of both scientist and artist. In fact, it seems to me, Lord Snow's mind is basically neither that of a scientist nor of an artist, but of an administrator. I intend no sneer in this. Good administrators are as rare as mediocre ones are plentiful, and I take Snow to be a good administrator, bringing clarity and goodwill to the sorting out of tangled situations.

Administrators, of course, have their own way of looking at life. They are interested in people not for what they are but for what they are able to do. This is very much the case with Lord Snow. In the preface to the present book he tells us:

> "I wrote the book for fun, not because of the grandeur of most of my subjects, though of course that helped. The real fun was in the variety of human beings. That has been my chief interest ever since I can remember."

Here we have a mixture of candid clear-sightedness with a tinge of confusion. When Snow tells us that the "grandeur" of most of his subjects, by which he means their importance in the eyes of the world, "helped" him to write the book he means that it helped him to become sufficiently interested in these men to inquire into what motivated them. When he tells us that what he chiefly enjoyed was the "variety," we may believe him before we read the book, but after laying it down we are forced to dissent. He has, in fact, ironed out many of the differences between the men he writes about. He has seen them all in the one perspective, as men of action. If they were scientists, they were men of action insofar as they made definite, objective contributions to man's knowledge of the physical world and thus altered the thinking of other men and brought about results that could be objectively registered. If they were politicians, they pushed through this or that measure, crushed their rivals, raised their friends. If they were artists . . . but in fact only two of the nine subjects could be called artists, Robert Frost and H. G. Wells. On Frost, Lord Snow brings no significant light to bear. His essay on that poet is a failure. On H. G. Wells, he is more successful, because Wells was a blend of the artist and the man of action – a lumpy and patchy blend, but both temperaments were present. Lord Snow treats him as a man of action and manages at any rate to get half of him into focus.

A good administrator must be fair-minded. When judging a dispute, he must stand back from the issues, affecting for the time being an impartiality which no man actually feels. Snow does this very well – too well. He suspends judgment so firmly that his essays are emptiest where they should be fullest, at their faintest where they should be at their most intense. For instance, he is careful not to give way to righteous indignation about the colossal human suffering caused by Stalin. "Let us put on one side," he advises, "the mass horrors, the camps full of hundreds of thousands of anonymous Solzhenitsyns." And having put them on one side, he firmly leaves them there. This clears the air, but it also removes a dimension from the story, so that Lord Snow can say, without a tremor, that when Lenin put Stalin on the Central Committee of the party and thus gave him his biggest upward shove towards supreme power, "Lenin was, of course, right." To some of us, it might seem that to give power to a creature like Stalin, and thus place millions of innocent people within the power of a murderer, could never be "right." But of course the word is being used relatively, as one might say that Hitler was the "right" man to be in charge of the Nazi party. And this relativeness spreads outwards. It goes with the impartiality, the air of standing back from the subject.

The obverse of this is Snow's very likeable modesty of procedure. He is, for the most part, writing of men who participated in life at the points where it was most tempestuous. His subjects were engaged in conflicts that tore them apart, struggles that exhausted them. Snow deliberately keeps the temperature low at such moments. Einstein's abhorrence of nuclear weapons; Churchill's incompatibility with all classes of English society taken one by one; the irreconcilable presence in G. H. Hardy, the great mathematician, of radical opinions and aristocratic attitudes: all these gates open on to battlefields, but Snow gives us one look through and then firmly closes the gate. As a general policy, this is wise enough, but there are times when one longs for more involvement, more passion. The tone is so level, the prose so jog-trot, that life seems often to be leaking out of the subject.

This is also true on a more purely

COMING

Donald Barthelme's
Snow White

Reviewed by Richard Gilman

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discursive level. The tone of the book is rigorously middlebrow. Nothing occurs on any page that couldn't be understood at first sight by any reasonably well-educated middle-class person: a bank manager, say. In the case of those essays which deal with scientists and mathematicians (Rutherford, Hardy, Einstein) this means that the substance of their life's work, and the issues about which they disputed and sometimes quarrelled, are sketched in very lightly indeed. And, as if to preserve the balance, Snow has also kept to a minimum his critical comment on the work of the writers, Wells and Frost. Only the pure men of action, the politicians and statesmen, have their careers discussed in anything like detail. I regret this. If the discussion of scientific matters had been fairly serious, the book would have contained some passages unintelligible to me; but I would have accepted this cheerfully, for the sake of more intellectual bite all round. On Frost, for instance, Lord Snow writes with an air of severe appraisal (it is, on the whole, his least flattering portrait), without ever managing to make it real to us that Frost was a poet and that his poethood was the key to his life. He tells us that Frost was ambitious, that he had artistic integrity combined with an intense need for reassurance, that he longed for the Nobel Prize, that his farming was a romantic pose, that he was jealous of T. S. Eliot; but all this belongs to the man of action, to doing rather than being. Beyond remarking parenthetically that "Home Burial" is "one of his deepest poems," Snow has virtually nothing to say about Frost's poetry. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, to Snow, art is not quite real as compared with life.

This comes out particularly in the treatment of Wells. Lord Snow duly notes the melancholy that overtook Wells at the end of his life, but he does not relate it to the crisis that overtook the whole Wellsian position of progressive material optimism. He is aware, of course, that there was a crisis, and his account of it is this:

> "People have tried to disparage his social thinking by saying that he was optimistic: and since that is the harshest charge which can be brought against any modern writer, they think they need say no more. In fact, in the sense the criticism is intended, it is nonsense. Wells was about as much inclined to think men were naturally good, or naturally wise, as St. Augustine. His temperament forbade it: and if his temperament had not done so, his education would have. For, whatever evolutionary theory taught, it was not a belief in the survival value of the sweet and innocent. He *did* believe that, in man's crawl out from the caves up to the ramshackle society of 1900, the human species had acquired a bit more control over its own fate: and that it was no longer necessary for most of the human race to live hungry and die early. In his impatient fashion, he believed that this revolution could take place more quickly than it has done. If that is blind optimism, give us more of it."

This, as an account of a crucial human difficulty, will not quite do. It bundles up too many questions into a bland summary. George Orwell, writing in the closing years of Wells' own lifetime, pointed the way that future discussion ought to have followed:

> "Hitler is all the war-lords and witch-doctors in history rolled into one. Therefore, argues Wells, he is an absurdity, a ghost from the past, a creature doomed to disappear almost immediately. But unfortunately the equation of science with common sense does not really hold good. The aeroplane, which was looked forward to as a civilizing influence but in practice has hardly been used except for dropping bombs, is the symbol of that fact. Modern Germany is far more scientific than England, and far more barbarous. Much of what Wells has imagined and worked for is physically there in Nazi Germany. The order, the planning, the State encouragement of science, the steel, the concrete, the aeroplanes, are all there, but all in the service of ideas appropriate to the Stone Age. Science is fighting on the side of superstition. But obviously it is impossible

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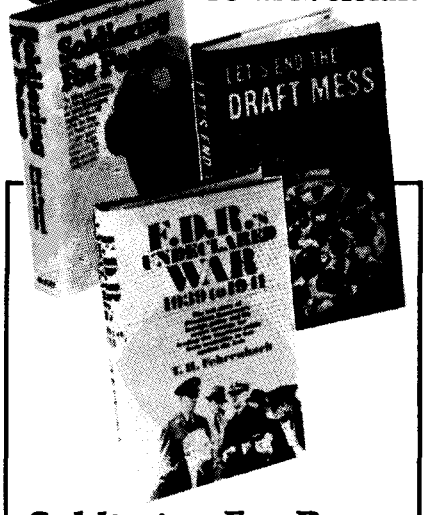

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for Wells to accept this. It would contradict the world-view on which his own works are based."

Wells died unhappy not merely because he was old and exhausted, but because his ideals had been frustrated. Science had not solved man's problems, and on the other hand art had remained aloof from him, largely because he had never taken the trouble to develop his gifts properly. Wells had the idea that art was for aesthetes, that it had no direct relationship with life, and consequently seldom bothered to raise his writing above the level of journalism. It is obvious that Lord Snow has a good deal of sympathy with this view; in referring to the famous controversy between Wells and Henry James, he quotes from James only the latter's generous concession about being able to forget the "principles of criticism" as he read Wells: James' trenchant and unshakable statement of his essential case, that there was in the end no substitute for art because it was art that *made* interest and significance with its "force and beauty," he does not quote. Yet time has supported James rather than Wells; of the two, Wells is far the more dated; "art" has had its revenge.

If Lord Snow had had more interest in what was really interesting – whether science or art – this book might have been a masterpiece, for few gifted writers have had his opportunities. (I refer to opportunities for social observation in general, not to the specific opportunities represented by this book. Most of the subjects Snow knew only slightly, and one, Stalin, he never met at all.) As it is, the finest opportunities are missed – in the interests, one supposes, of a kind of *Reader's Digest* simplification. Snow discusses, for instance, Stalin's relationship with the Russian writers, actually goes into it at some length, and never even mentions the case of Pasternak! Yet Pasternak was not only the greatest poet of his time (this judgment comes from where most of Snow's own Russian judgments seem to come from – the testimony of Russian opinion) but also the most intransigent, who survived the purges by a show of reckless courage that (might we say?) struck the primitive-minded Stalin with a numinous fear. Why has Lord Snow nothing to say about this? Because official Soviet opinion still maintains a discreet silence on *l'affaire Pasternak*? So that to discuss the matter at all would be to irritate Moscow? Or does he genuinely feel no interest in this most interesting of questions?

I have cavilled a good deal, because this is a book that ought to have been so much better. But there are passages of wisdom in it, passages where Lord Snow really does manage to bring his experience to bear on some question and illuminate it from within. Let me end by quoting one of them. Snow is discussing Dag Hammarskjöld, whom he seems only to have met once and whose mind he reads mainly in the light of the posthumously published Journals. Obviously, Hammarskjöld attracted Snow as a subject because he was an intellectual – a mystic, even – who chose for his own reasons to plunge into the life of action. And Snow reflects:

> "In our world, can a man feel even remotely reconciled to himself unless he has tried to do what little he can in action? That is a question which has required an answer from many of us: it is part of the condition of modern men. It is, of course, not a new question. Goethe asked it, and so did some Victorian intellectuals. But with them the subjective pressures were stronger than the objective ones. Their moral disquiet came – not entirely but more impellingly – from inside. With us, it is possible to be serene in a private world and yet be forced, perhaps unwillingly, perhaps knowing that we are wasting years of our lives, into the world outside. Malraux was forced in just that way: so was Picasso, so was Einstein. It has meant the rejection of the romantic idea of the artist, such as Frost cherished. But that idea could not genuinely survive into our time. Hammarskjöld was speaking for our time: He knew it better than most."

That is a fair-minded summary. Like most of Lord Snow's summaries, it tends to open the subject rather than to close it; but no doubt that is what he intends.

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MOVIES

Freeway Love

Two for the Road (20th Century-Fox)

Two for the Road and *Accident* – very chic, clever, skillful, and with the very latest in color and time-and-memory techniques – give us the *La Notte* view of marriage. Boredom, desperation, resignation. Both Frederic Raphael, who wrote *Two for the Road* as an original screenplay for Stanley Donen, and Harold Pinter, who adapted the Nicholas Mosley novel *Accident* for Joseph Losey, get a laugh with the same gag: men so self-centered that they don't remember the existence of their own daughters – Caroline in one, Francesca in the other. Great minds travel in the same TV channel? *Two for the Road* and *Accident* are writers' movies almost as much – or as much – as directors' movies, and the unfortunate little forgotten-daughter coincidence is only a tiny indication of what goes wrong in them.

Raphael, whose previous screenplays were *Nothing But the Best* and *Darling*, has obviously set his stamp on *Two for the Road*; Donen's previous films, such as *On the Town* and *Singin' in the Rain* (co-directed with Gene Kelly) and, on his own, *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, Funny Face, Charade*, and most recently, *Arabesque*, are not notably edgy or self-conscious. Donen fails in less complicated ways.

Two for the Road offers a married couple (Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney) at different periods of their lives – not, as in *The Fourposter*, consecutively, but shifting back and forth. Although it's exhilarating to see techniques which are integral to a script (instead of the usual oppressive "opening up" of a play or adapting a novel), the elaborate artifices are like an introduction that goes on and on. This is that rarity, a work conceived for the screen, and Raphael is witty and talented, yet I'm afraid it fails partly because he is too much in love with old movie comedy-romances: it's reminiscent of too many movie marriages, too many movies. He writes in the frothy *It Happened One Night* genre, with entertaining lines and "cute" running jokes (the worst: the wife is always turning up with the passport the husband loses), and he also tries for a bitter comment on "our" – *i.e.*, the *La Notte* – kind of modern marital ennui. The facile bits set off audience expectations which are then betrayed. The "serious" side of *Two for the Road* doesn't grow out of what Raphael has planted; it has come out of a different movie culture, and here it seems not so much pretentious as just sour.

There are other problems that develop out of the relationships of the actors on the screen: in the big studio days, producers and directors learned who could be paired with whom; now, with international pick-up casts, the chemistry of romance may go flat. Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart went together in a way that Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando horribly and embarrassingly don't. *Two for the Road* is about the marriage of two people who belong together – yet Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn don't "go" together. The years seem to have purified Hepburn: at times in this movie she is surpassingly beautiful (particularly at the end, at her own age, in her shining disk gown, with her hard, lacquered mini-face). Finney is beefy, a little gross, and so all the sympathy goes to her, and the movie unintentionally shifts to the familiar one of the boorish, surly husband who doesn't appreciate his charming wife. Finney is clumsy when he tries for comic style; Hepburn – rather poignantly – works at it as if to compensate for his heaviness, and so she seems like the kind of woman who makes the best of things even though she has to put up with a lout who doesn't deserve her.

The script calls for Hepburn to be very young part of the time, and it is rather painful watching an actress try to look young when we remember how she looked when she was (she com-

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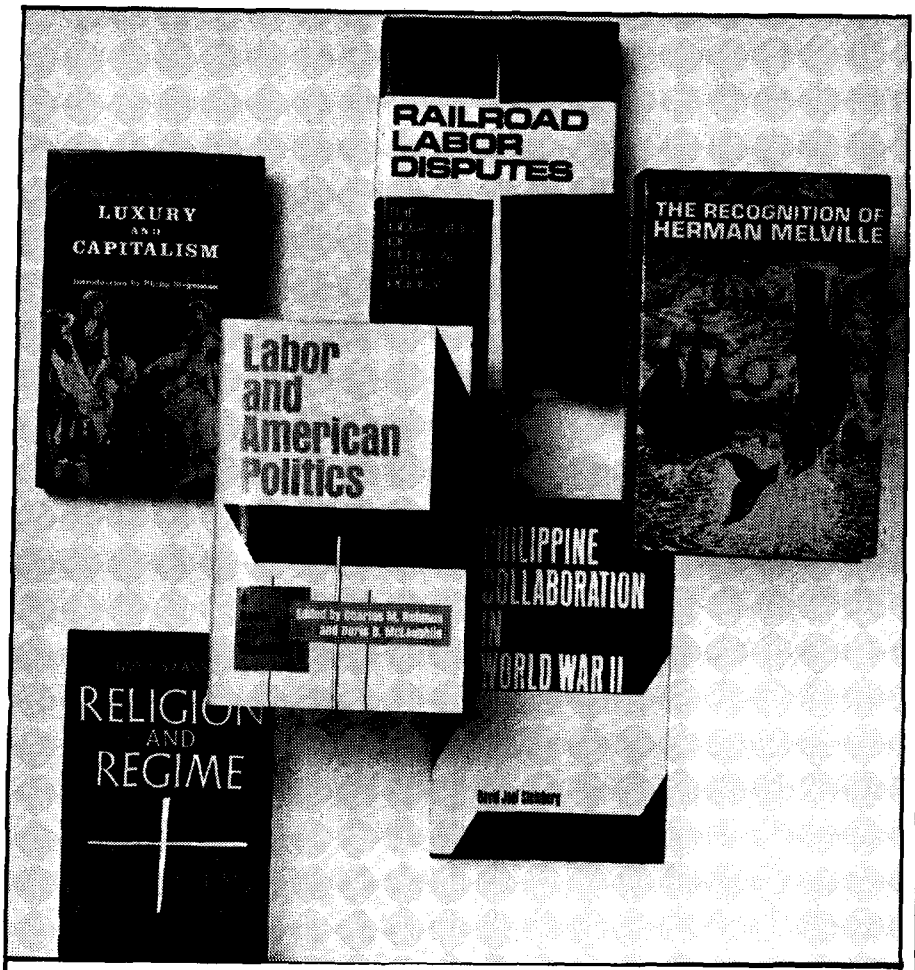

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petes not only with our memories but with television-movie reminders). Hepburn seems too old for Finney, not because she's *that* much older but because we've been seeing her steadily in movies for seventeen years (Finney has only been in a few movies scattered over eight years). This, too, affects the meaning of the movie, pushes it further into the story of an infantile male.

Although it assumes a sophisticated awareness of the hellish difficulties of marriage, what it presents are the same old marital trivia of Broadway and Hollywood: success takes the husband away from home, the wife doesn't want him to give so much time to business, etc. The veneer is that of commercial comedy: there's always a swimming pool for the characters to take their pratfalls in. And they keep hopping into bed – which suggests less about them than about the movie makers' need to make money.

Finney is, according to the script, a brilliant, successful architect. This, too, has the wet smack of Broadway and Hollywood – and a tickle of Antonioni. It's pre-photographer-hero, post-doctor-hero. (Brilliant doctors have really gone out; for a while analysts took their place because the writers could then exploit the witty possibilities in analysts being like other people. It is said that now not even the sons of doctors want to become doctors: they're more likely to want to become brilliant scientists.) In character and temptation, this architect is much like the playwright in Hollywood movies of the forties.

The intention – to show a modern marriage in which ideal people, in love, and ideally chic and successful, are not happy – is considered daring (and possibly even subversive) enough by some groups for the ads to be marked "Recommended for mature audiences." *Two for the Road* does represent a change in American movie mores: in the forties the errant partner would realize he had been wrong (and the wife's supposed transgressions would turn out to have been illusory, merely a pretense to make her husband jealous); in *Two for the Road* both may violate their marriage vows, and no one is at fault. (Though as I indicated, Finney seems to be; yet even a young Cary

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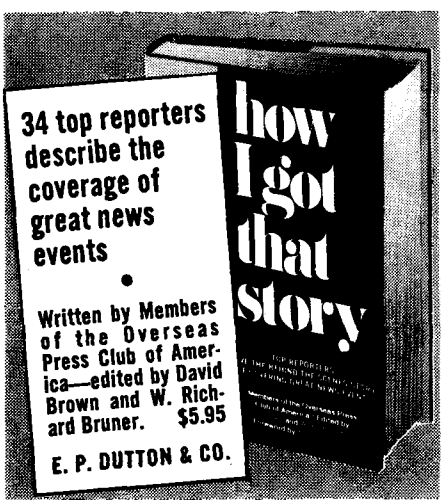
Grant, who might have handled the light side of the role better, still couldn't make the script work.) It's too bad that the ways in which this couple are shown to be ideal are so falsely romantic or silly-cute, that the movie would be far more true to itself if they *were* shown to be ideally happy. *Funny Face* and *Darling* don't mix. The picture never quite finds its tone.

Donen fumbled some sequences that *might* have worked: the comedy is often too broad, and the caricatures of Americans, played by William Daniels and Eleanor Bron, which would be embarrassingly overdone at fifty yards are in close-up. It's an injustice to Miss Bron, who seems to have some comic originality, but Daniels, doing that same simpy prissy bit he did in *A Thousand Clowns* and as television's *Captain Nice*, is atrocious. The only justification for having this other couple in the movie would be to show how they brought Finney and Hepburn closer together in a shared response or separated them by anger and defensiveness. As given, they are gratuitous, forced satire. Donen also uses speeded-up film the way that television directors recently graduated into movies use it – coyly.

Still, *Two for the Road* is a good try; it's often pretty and sometimes funny; one wishes it well, one wishes it were better. What's implicit in Raphael's script (as also, more explicitly, in *Darling*) is that there is a basic emptiness in the husband and wife, and in the institution of marriage. And in that dim way which is becoming fashionable in movies, the writer communicates his sense of spiritual malaise as if it were the acrid truth – serious social comment. But the lovers seem shallow and empty not because of some terrible desiccating disease of our time but because he has taken them out of old movies and has failed to give them any character. He makes no effort to create characters who might develop this malaise; he just assumes the whole society is infected, that we are all carriers – as if he thought we'd all been bitten by the bug of his sensibility. As *Two for the Road* doesn't show the sources or nature of marital despair, it's quite plausible for audiences that are not familiar with the self-hatred and self-aggrandizement of that sensibility to assume that the movie only means to say that the couple would be happy if they weren't living so high, if the husband just didn't care so much about business and spent more time with his wife – and remembered his daughter's name.

There will be more to say, next week, on *Accident*. PAULINE KAEL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ART

Fakes, Forgeries, Foolishness

There is an element of type-casting in the current case of the Texas oil millionaire getting stung for somewhere between "perhaps half a million," (his estimate) and a million dollars (that of the *N. Y. Times*) on a large batch of School of Paris paintings pronounced by the Art Dealers Association to be perhaps two-thirds fakes. And who better could it happen to? The incident not only gives us all some small revenge for the oil depletion allowance, but raises once more the perennial and in part unanswerable questions about fakes and forgeries, frauds and fools. Let us call it, more generally, misrepresentation in art.

There is no way of knowing how much of it goes on. Had the Texan, for instance, not sought, or grudgingly accepted, the advice of the Art Dealers Association, neither he nor we would now count his collection as "the biggest art swindle in recent years," as the *Times* puts it. And if a Madison Ave. art dealer had not complained last year to the District Attorney of New York about six "Chagalls" ($17,000) and two "Picassos" ($9,000), we might not have known of the remarkable David Stein, indicted last week for having painted 41 pictures which he sold for $165,800 to dealers and collectors as works by masters.

The Texas case involves contemporary art. Apparently the fake paintings in the collection were produced as fakes by fakers in the employ of entrepreneurs in that line. Despite Van Meegeren and the Vermeers and Rembrandts he painted in the 1940's, this is the least practiced method of misrepresentation in art, and in recent years this legendary method has been reversed. The great forger of this decade – again, always excepting the one we don't know about yet – has been Pierre Schecroun, one-time student of Leger, extremely talented and able, on the record, to turn out drawings and water colors in the names of the entire membership of the School of Paris good enough to pass first muster with reasonably astute dealers. But Schecroun managed to employ sellers for his work rather than letting himself be exploited by dealers, a revolution of talent we cannot but applaud.

Nevertheless, neither of these arrangements is the usual one. The usual way in this field is simple escalation, or inflation. If an American of the 1960's attempts to forge a Picasso or Braque of 1910 to 1930, even though the time difference is so small certain differences of style and materials are inevitable and can, eventually, be discovered. In the Old Master field, therefore, it is very rare for the corrupt dealer to have in his basement the talented student turning out Chardins and Corots. Inflation of name is what happens. In many, probably most, cases, the original goods were created

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in all good faith, not as fakes but as honest copies or as honest exercises in the manner of.

Texans aside, the outstanding case now in the balance concerns a Corot in the Cleveland Museum of Art. Called "Meditation," it is one of those studies of a country girl seated against a batch of landscape and sky. It is, or was thought to be a Corot going back to a Philadelphia sale of 1907 and thence to the artist himself, in short, the ideal record for a picture and proof against faking and forging. Unfortunately, sometime between 1907 and now, a substitution was made. The Cleveland picture is not the Philadelphia picture. There are differences in the sky and the landscape. The provenance of the 1907 picture was borrowed and applied to the Cleveland picture – before the museum bought it, obviously – and the 1907 picture spirited away somewhere.

Corot is one of the classic subjects of faking, as distinguished from forging. He had a lot of students and most of them painted in his manner. The vast majority of the fakes are from his late period of that misty atmosphere and silvery surface, not of either the Roman gold-earth early period nor of the peasant figure period represented by the Cleveland picture. Still, the example is clear. The normal art misrepresentation is not forgery but fake. A picture of the period and in the manner is presented, either with added signature or with imaginary provenance or merely with assurance, as that of the master in question. The paints and canvas, even the general "period-view" – the way most people, including artists, of a certain time see certain things – all ring true enough. The picture, although its presentation may or may not be criminal, depending on the jurisdiction in which it takes place, is in itself satisfactory. At this point arise the unanswerable questions about what it is that we are paying for. Does the picture change if we learn later that is is by some other hand? Did that perfect chair Jackie Kennedy so proudly added to the White House lose all its virtue when it was discovered to be perhaps a dozen years old instead of more than a century? What is it that was lost upon the discovery? What virtue did it have before the discovery?

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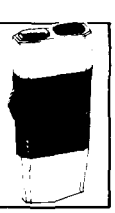

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Joel Adler, 2635 Haring Street, Brooklyn, New York
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Roger P. Siegel, 2036 E. 22nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
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Harry L. Hooker, Box 11, Glasgo, Connecticut
I am very pleased with the ACCUMEN. It is all you claim it to be and much more. I have recommended it to all my friends. You may count me as a loyal user.

Rev. Wm. H. Hohman, Pastor, Alliance, Ohio
Please send me another ACCUMEN Shaver. This is the third one I have ordered—my friends seem to like them too much. If this keeps up I might become your East Coast representative.

Robert Buckner, 818 N. Doheny Drive, Los Angeles 69, California
There is only one word for the ACCUMEN—"superb". Please send me another one. I want it for my son's birthday.

L. D. Myrah, Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
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the heads of art scholars who are also rich collectors – a very rare combination – every masterwork was painted by hand by the master himself, meticulously recorded and the record maintained by every owner since. In the real world, these things have happened: Sir Peter Paul Rubens maintained a painting factory in which most of the work was done not by the master but by his employes, among them, briefly, Van Dyck. Early in the 19th century, Constable was so popular that any number of people made copies or imitations, not as fakes or forgeries but for their own instruction and delight; these nowadays appear on the market as Constables. In the 18th century, Englishmen invented the Grand Tour of Europe, liked the pictures they saw so much that they commissioned copies of many of them from contemporary artists and these copies occasionally show up, even in museums, as the originals. Modigliani, in bursts of generosity, would often affix his genuine and indisputable signature to paintings by chums.

Today, Ellsworth Kelly paints square panels of one simple color, each simply applied. Can one paint his own blue or white panel without being a forger? Andy Warhol has dallied with Campbell's Soups. Has he plagiarized the soup people or do they harm him by continuing to produce those cans even after he has made them his own? Suppose the householder takes a dozen cans from the kitchen and arranges them on the mantelpiece in the living room: is he a forger or a faker?

Finally, there is non-art as there are non-books. That man in California really does exist – I had dinner with him once – who employs artists by the square root to produce vaguely Picassoid, vaguely Pollockian, vaguely Dalinian, vaguely Utrillian, vaguely anyone at all, canvases which ultimately decorate hotel rooms and furniture stores. There is no remote chance of these things ever being passed in the art world as the things they stand for, but they also raise their questions. For they, too, represent, for those who use them, certain values felt to inhere in the originals on which they are patterned. What are the values and in what way do they survive in these miserable imitations?

The Art Dealers Association, more than any other single force, has in its few years of life educated the Internal Revenue Bureau to a sophistication undreamed of when the big art fraud was one practiced on the tax men by dealers, donors and museums working in fraudulent conspiracy. That ploy was the simple one of wildly over-evaluating gift art. The Association, as the news relates, is making great strides in the more elaborate matter of fakes and forgeries. But the success of the fakers and forgers raises questions beyond the competence of the most honest dealer or the most skillful art detective. We can only answer them each for himself. FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

The Indecent Society

Sirs:

Your comments ("The Indecent Society, May 13) concerning "Drug Abuse: Escape to Nowhere," the guide for educators recently published by Smith Kline & French Laboratories in cooperation with the National Education Association, indicate to me either that the book was not understood (despite its non-technical style) or that it simply wasn't read at all. . . .

The most misleading claim you make is that the purpose of the book is to ". . . advise schoolteachers how to cooperate with authorities in nabbing youthful potheads." To begin with, the book is not concerned solely with marijuana (all classes of abuse products, from glue to heroin are discussed), and secondly, the aim of the book is *not*, as you aver, to encourage collaborative teacher / police entrapment of drug abusers. Let the record be straight on this point: *our purpose in publishing the book, enunciated in the Foreword and repeated throughout the text, is to prevent all types of drug abuse through the provision of accurate information concerning the problem.* What's more, the book says, not once, but many times, that preaching and moralizing about drug abuse is no way to cope with it – the point being that young people will decide for themselves whether or not they'll experiment with drugs. Our hope is that, given dispassionate data on the physiological, psychological, and legal implications of drug abuse, young people may decide not to do it. But at the same time, it must be clear to anyone with compassion for youth, that the best way to handle an *existing* drug abuse situation is to have an intelligent modus vivendi between educators, medical people and law enforcement personnel – for without it, the only alternatives are ones of callous indifference where we do nothing at all or simply lock up offenders and throw away the keys. Our view is that individuals *do* matter, and that we must mobilize whatever community resources and good will we can find to prevent addiction – and to deal with it humanistically where it exists. . . .

Mitchell Winn
Project Editor
SK&F Laboratories

In reply:

Mr. Winn says it is not the purpose of the Smith Kline & French book to "encourage collaborative teacher/police entrapment of drugs abusers." SK&F would deal with drug abuse "humanistically." A passage from the book which Mr. Winn does not quote illustrates his point:

> "From a law enforcement standpoint, schools should have a prearranged procedure with their local police for handling drug abuse situations. This will generally mean that, should such a situation be detected, school authorities will con-

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The war continues because vital facts about its origin and development have been deliberately glossed over, distorted, and withheld from the American people. Only an informed public opinion can stop this barbaric conflict before it escalates into nuclear war. HELP destroy the myths about the war in Vietnam. HELP get the truth into your community.

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A wealth of factual material presenting a clear and forthright case for ending the war is now available. Do you want a reading list? film strips? Would you like to know what other communities have done, how *they* got started?

Then please get in touch with us. We will help in every way we can. But the important thing is to get started, for every increase in casualties, every bombing of a bridge, every escalation of the war, makes peace that much harder to achieve, nuclear war that much closer.

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3. Adopt the realistic position that the National Liberation Front is the representative of a substantial portion of the South Vietnam people and is thereby destined to play a role in any future Vietnam government.
4. Arrange to implement the 1954 Geneva Accords which call for the removal of all foreign troops from Vietnam.

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The book then lists the address and phone number of nine FDA field offices and the 15 district offices of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

The Editors

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

ject here, not a widened realm of aesthetic discourse.) For about a year now, the power of the review, as such, has resided almost exclusively in the *Times*. Other reviews have been useful insofar as producers have been able to dig blurbs out of them for ads – which were usually published in the *Times!* The sources of blurbs are still numerous and are not limited.

Sunday edition. The bulk of the Sunday *WJT* was so clumsily redundant of the Sunday *Times* that few can seriously miss it. The absence of *Book Week* in New York is a misfortune. It will continue in *The Washington Post* and *The Chicago Sun-Times*, the two other papers that have carried it. *Book Week's* presence in New York is desirable because the level of its reviews is roughly that of *The Times Book Review* (I hope that I convey modified rapture), and although its immediate impact was not comparable to that of the *Times*, book reviews – unlike drama reviews which must act quickly or not at all – can have a longer lasting effect.

New York, the paper's Sunday magazine, may be missed by some, not by me. (It may, however, continue publication independently.) Every time I picked it up I could envision the editorial conference that had produced it, in which they sat around wondering: "Now what can we be young about *this* week? What public issue or personality or odd New York landmark can be made to *swing*?"

But the continuance of the Sunday edition does not seem to be a matter of general concern. The comments of three New York newspaper publishers have all been about the golden business opportunity that now exists for a new afternoon paper in New York. Theodore Kheel, who was the chief mediator in the newspaper labor disputes, agrees. Perhaps this is true for a publisher who already has a successful morning newspaper; an afternoon paper would share the equipment and some of the overhead. Perhaps, too, in the right hands an afternoon newspaper might be more than something for suburbanites to snooze over on the 5:13 train after the crossword is done. (Query: Is that why afternoon crosswords are usually easier than morning ones?) Otherwise, with the exceptions noted above, what difference does it make whether another afternoon paper appears or not? Advertisers will not sell one dollar's worth less. Newsdealers will not have less income; the time-killing public will buy the *Post* or nearby cities' afternoon papers that are being brought in or magazines or paperbound books.

An increasingly monopolistic press is, self-evidently, a peril, if not an evil. My point is that the existence of the *WJT* did very little to mitigate that peril. Sheer *number* of newspapers is no assurance of anything. The *WJT* was moribund before it was born – a trio of two lame trollops and one lipsticked old lady. Labor troubles undoubtedly hastened the demise, but in the rush to blame the unions, it is easy to lose sight of an important social fact. In spite of its 700,000 circulation, nobody really needed it. If the *Times* (with all its faults) disappeared, it would leave an aching gap in our lives. (Strikes have proved this.) The *WJT* is practically forgotten already.

There are other newspapers in this country – chiefly afternoon papers – that also seem to me mobile anachronisms, dead though still on their feet. When they fall, we will hear again those horrified outcries about the shrinking of the press, and those cries will again be irrelevant and late. To most meaningful purposes, the press has already shrunk.

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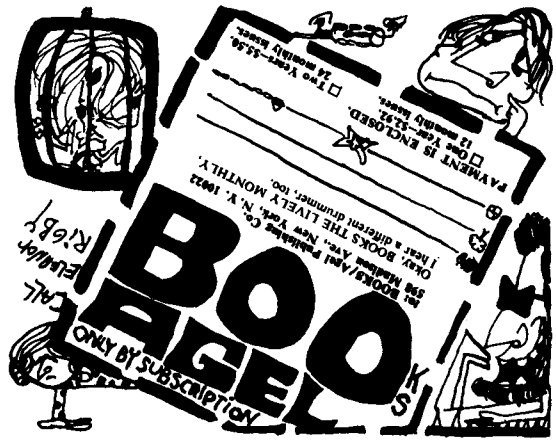

Smoke BOOKS

By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher of a Monthly Mind-Expander

We're tripping—and invite all you bookheads to come along.

We call our connection BOOKS THE MONTHLY NEWSPAPER. Our readers call us other things. Like, "BOOKS the funniest thing I've ever read." "BOOKS the be-in." "BOOKS the damn thing I can't put down until I've read everything in it—twice." "BOOKS my monthly brunch coat." *BOOKS my monthly brunch coat?*

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Our theory: Books, authors, films, viable ideas—people—aren't as dull as others make them out to be.

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—Transcript on the current state of criticism in the performing arts.
—Chicken Art and Cop Art.
—Paul Krassner's parents: "Our Son the Realist."
—Sheila Campion lets the fellow sit next to the window on the train.
—McLuhan-Fiore's "The Medium is the Massage" is to books what Godard's "Breathless" was to movies: A dramatic innovation.
—"When I am 12 years, I suddenly know I don't have to eat . . . I just dance."
—The book that shook up 70 Manhattanites.
—Tally Brown lives under the George Washington Bridge, where at five o'clock every afternoon you can see the moon above and the sun below.
—Rex Reed profiles Rex Reed: "The only two people I ever interviewed whom I detested were Barbra Streisand and Antonioni, who I also exposed as two of the biggest phonies of our era."
—Andy Warhol is making his film version of Snow White, with Donyale Luna, the $60-an-hour Negro model, playing Miss White.
—Another BOOKS exclusive: The Tale of the Repositioner.
—Transcript of 10-year-old Lesley Downey being murdered on the Moors.
—Clay Felker, Book Week supervisor: "I'm appalled at the junk the publishers are putting out. There's never the promise of a good book."
—"Dear BOOKS the Lively One: Do you know if Emily Post has suggestions on what to serve when I have guests over to watch the Vietnam war on TV?"
—Humphry Osmond, Princeton's psychedelic expert: "Not too long in the future vast groups will have to be suspended, and they might as well be suspended with happy thoughts."
—Professor Marcuse, "the most beautiful man in America today."
—Eric Hoffer, the true believer: "The Negro revolution is a fraud. It has no faith in the character and potentialities of the Negro masses."
—Idaho's homosexual scandals, "The Boys of Boise."
—Last known photograph of God.
—Susan Sontag: "I am not sure that literature should be studied in a university. It doesn't seem to me that being an English major signifies anything respectable."
—The grains in a piece of plywood were used by John Cage as suggestions for his latest piece.
—Susan Sheehan: "'Ten Vietnamese' is my first book, so I expected its publication to be a festive occasion. But all I heard from the Knopf office was what the discount price was. It's all been very disappointing."
—In a midnight carriage ride through Central Park, Marshall McLuhan "coached" Pamela Tiffin for her bitch role in the Broadway revival of "Dinner at Ate."
—The Carnegie Corporation removed from a recent study its researchers' concensus that ETV is a sinking ship.
—Sports Illustrated loses lots of subscribers when its cover shows a pretty girl.
—Mark ("Rush to Judgment") Lane's next book will be on the removal of Japanese-Americans from West Coast cities during WWII.
—The greatest actress in America, Elsie Downey.
—John Henry Faulk: "Americans must clearly see the parallel between the hideous act of the Nazis at Lidice and our action in Vietnam's Iron Triangle, where we moved people out of the only homes they had ever known and then systematically created craters where there had once been cities."
—Jim Bishop, the celebrated journalist: "Unless we know some of the answers about JFK's assassination, we shouldn't be asking the questions."
—W. W. Norton's winning bid for Dean Acheson's autobiography: $200,000. The second highest bid was $67,500.
—Dick Cavett, the new comic, is a Yale graduate, handsome, skinny, and often mistaken for Twiggy.
—Graffiti in an East Village men's room: "We are the people our parents warned us about."
—The wind's in the willows; pass it on.
—James Jones' "Go to the Widow-Maker" revives the probability that Columbus was Jewish.
—On the morning Valerie Jeanne Percy was murdered, the Chicago Tribune Books Today section was commenting on another murder [JFK's]: ". . . someone gets away with murder almost every day, so it's nothing that ought to cause panic in the streets."
—Helen Gurley Brown: "Why does everything have to be *good?* Can't some things just exist for their own pleasure?"
—The Bernard Geis Novelist's Survival Kit. (It's already given us "Valley of the Dolls.")
—"Village Voice is not the great American novel."
—Jacques Ellul (whom Mailer gives for Christmas) explains why men constantly turn to the State for the solutions of problems "that the State could not solve if it tried."

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